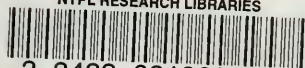


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Falmouth, Mass
(Clarke)

1911

1686.
FALMOUTH.
1886.

FALMOUTH, MASS.:
L. F. CLARKE, STEAM PRINTER,
(THE LOCAL PRESS.)
1887.

“Upon the request of the inhabitants of Seipican, alias Rochester, to become a township and have the previledges of a town, the Court granted their desires in y^t respect, & the like granted to Suckannes-set inhabitants”

Plymouth Colony Records, Vol. VI

June, 4, 1686.

THE CELEBRATION
OF THE
TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE INCORPORATION
OF THE
TOWN OF FALMOUTH,
MASSACHUSETTS,

JUNE 15, 1886.

by
George E. Clarke and S. A. Holton

FALMOUTH:
PUBLISHED PER ORDER OF THE TOWN.
1887.

Prepared for publication
under the supervision of the CHAIRMAN and SECRETARY
of the BI-CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
TOWN RECORDS,	7
Report of Committee Favoring the Celebration,	8
Action of the Town,	9
Bi-centennial Committee,	10
Report of Committee rendered March 7, 1887,	10
Action on Report,	12
Officers of the Day,	13
Committee to Arrange Details,	13
Marshal's Aids,	16
Programme,	16
THE CELEBRATION,	17
Procession,	17
<i>Exercises in the Tent</i> ,	19
Speech by George E. Clarke,	19
Speech by Dr. E. H. Jenkins,	21
Prayer by Rev. E. D. Hall,	22
Singing,	25
Collation,	25
Oration by General John L. Swift,	25

SENTIMENTS AND RESPONSES.

Addresses by Governor Robinson, Lieutenant-Governor Ames, Hon. Henry B. Pierce, General Swift, Hon. W. W. Crapo, Rev. J. P. Bodfish,	57-84
Poem of Mrs. Frances E. Swift,	73
Poem written by Samuel C. Lawrence,	85

SENTIMENTS AND RESPONSES OMITTED ON ACCOUNT OF LACK
OF TIME:—

Addresses prepared by Colonel A. D. Hatch, Hon. Charles F. Swift, Rev. E. D. Hall, Captain Thomas H. Law- rence, Elijah Swift, Esq., Rev. H. K. Craig,	89-107
BI-CENTENNIAL MUSEUM,	108-119
Scenes and Incidents,	120
Letter from Hon. C. F. Swift,	122
Falmouth fifty years ago,	122
Letters from Weston Jenkins, Esq., Prof. Seth K. Gifford, Francis H. Lincoln, Katharine Lee Bates, and Hon. R. C. Davis, M. C.,	126-131

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS:—

Extracts from Boston <i>Globe</i> , Boston <i>Traveller</i> , and Cape Cod <i>Item</i> ,	132-145
TOWN OFFICERS FOR 1886,	146
VOTING LIST FOR 1886,	147

Preliminary Proceedings.

IN the warrant for the annual Town Meeting to be held March 8th 1886, appeared the following : —

ARTICLE 13.

“To see if the town will vote to raise a sum of money for the purpose of celebrating its Second Centennial Anniversary, and take such further action in relation to the same as may be thought necessary.”

Under the above article the records of the Town Clerk show that it was

VOTED : That a committee of three be appointed by the chair to take into consideration the celebration of the Town's Second Centennial Anniversary, and to report at the adjourned meeting.”

George E. Clarke, Seba A. Holton, and Charles L. Hunt were appointed such committee.

This committee, at the adjourned meeting held April 6th, 1886, presented the following

REPORT.

The committee to whom was referred the 13th Article in the warrant relative to celebrating the Second Centennial of the Incorporation of this Town, respectfully submit the following report.

Your committee have carefully considered the matter submitted to them, and are unanimous in their conclusion that it is very desirable that the Two Hundredth Anniversary of this Municipality should be appropriately observed.

They believe that an observance of the day in a manner commensurate, to some extent, with the present wealth and prosperity of the town, will give great satisfaction, profit, and enjoyment to the present residents, and tend to quicken and intensify the love for their native town in the hearts of its many sons and daughters who have sought homes in other places throughout our widely extended country, and be a sufficient inducement to call many of them home again to witness our present prosperity and promise for the future. Your committee are aware that a proper celebration cannot be held without considerable expense to the town; but they believe that the money thus expended will not wholly be like water spilled upon the ground that cannot be gathered up, but rather to some extent at least, like bread cast upon the waters—"For thou shalt find it after many days."

They believe that many who may be attracted to the town by such a celebration as is contemplated, will be so won by the beauty of its location and its many attractions, as to cast in their lot with us, and build or purchase residences here, and thus increase our prosperity.

Your committee regard certain features as almost essential to the proper celebration of the day. Among them are a salute of two hundred guns at sunrise ; a procession with martial music ; a historical address and a poem by natives of the town, if possible ; a collation, and addresses by returned citizens and invited guests.

They recommend an appropriation of one thousand dollars to defray the expenses of the celebration, not including the collation, and if a free collation is to be given, they recommend the appropriation of an additional thousand dollars.

They further recommend that this meeting appoint a committee of fifteen to have full charge of all arrangements with authority to fill vacancies in their own number and to appoint all the sub-committees necessary to carry out successfully a celebration which shall be an honor to this ancient town.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

GEO. E. CLARKE, }
SEBA A. HOLTON, } *Committee.*
CHAS. L. HUNT. }

VOTED : That it is the sense of the meeting that the town do celebrate its Two hundredth Anniversary.

VOTED : To accept the report, and adopt the recommendations of the Bi-centennial Committee, and to appropriate the amount of money recommended.

The number of the committee was increased from fifteen to nineteen.

TOWN OF FALMOUTH.

The following Bi-centennial Committee was then chosen.

SILAS JONES,	GEO. E. CLARKE,	SEBA A. HOLTON,
S. L. HAMLIN,	W. H. HEWINS,	CHARLES E. DAVIS,
A. F. CROWELL,	GEO. W. FISH,	JAMES E. GIFFORD,
SILAS F. SWIFT,	WARD ELDRED,	SILAS HATCH,
GEO. H. DAVIS,	J. C. ROBINSON,	ASA P. TOBEY,
HENRY H. FAY,	*E. PIERSON BEEBE,	FRANCIS A. NYE,
	REV. B. R. GIFFORD,	

*Mr. Beebe having declined, Thos. H. Lawrence was chosen in his place.

Report of the Bi-Centennial Committee presented to the town March 7th, 1887.

The committee appointed to make arrangements for the Bi-Centennial Celebration of the Incorporation of this Town immediately organized by the appointment of GEO. E. CLARKE, Chairman, [SILAS JONES, the first member named on the Committee having declined the appointment], and SEBA A. HOLTON, Secretary. E. PIERSON BEEBE having declined to serve on the Committee, THOS. H. LAWRENCE was chosen in his place. Numerous Sub-committees were appointed, to whom particular duties were assigned, as appear by the records of the Secretary, and they rendered most efficient service in promoting the success of the Celebration. An Executive Committee of five was also selected from the General Committee, to whom was entrusted many of the minor details of the arrangements. The General Committee held eleven sessions, many of them prolonged till midnight, and the Executive Committee eight formal sessions, beside many consultations. The whole committee labored most assiduously

to make every possible arrangement for a celebration which should be an honor to the town : with what success we leave you who were present and participated to judge. The Preliminary Committee to whom the article in the warrant at the last annual meeting was referred, in making this recommendation, supposed that provisions for entertaining two thousand people would be ample, and based their recommendation for an appropriation of two thousand dollars, on that number. But the interest manifested in all parts of the town, and by the natives and former residents of Falmouth now residing abroad, soon convinced your committee that a much larger number must be provided for, or the Celebration would prove a failure. To meet this emergency the committee (to use the language of another committee under similar circumstances,) assumed the responsibility of increased expenditures under the conviction that it would be far better for the committee to suffer the censure of the town, than that the town with its well-earned reputation for liberality and hospitality, should suffer the discredit of making inadequate preparations for entertaining its citizens and invited guests. The committee, therefore, assumed the responsibility of providing for over three thousand persons, and the result proved that this number was none to large. The total cost, as appears by the report of the Committee on Accounts, exceeded the appropriation by the sum of eight hundred and eighty-six dollars.

For the Committee,

GEO. E. CLARKE, *Chairman.*

S. A. HOLTON, *Secretary.*

VOTED : "That the town reimburse the Bi-centennial committee for the amount expended by them in excess of the town's appropriation."

VOTED : "That the publishing of the doings of the Bi-centennial committee be referred to the Executive Committee of the same, with instructions to report at the adjourned meeting."

Report of the Executive Committee submitted at the adjourned meeting, April 5th, 1887.

"The committee to whom was referred Article 20th of the Warrant, would respectfully recommend that the town publish seven hundred copies of the proceedings of the Bi-Centennial Celebration, and distribute, in pamphlet form, one copy to each family in town at the estimated expense of three hundred and twenty-five dollars. They further recommend that each person entitled to receive a copy, should this recommendation be adopted, may have the privilege of having it bound in cloth by giving notice seasonably in advance to the committee having the publication in charge, and paying twenty-five cents to cover the cost of binding."

For the committee,

GEO. E. CLARKE.

VOTED . "That the Executive Committee of the Bi-Centennial Committee be authorized to print the proceedings agreeable to their report."

Three hundred and twenty-five dollars were appropriated therefor.

The committee made the following appointments for the day of celebration :

PRESIDENT.

EDWARD H. JENKINS, Ph. D., of New Haven, Conn.

CHIEF MARSHAL.

JAS. N. PARKER of New Bedford.

CHAPLAIN.

REV. E. D. HALL of Providence.

[All natives of Falmouth.]

POET.

SAMUEL C. LAWRENCE.

ORATOR.

GEN. JOHN L. SWIFT.

POETESS.

MRS. FRANCES E. SWIFT.

They appointed the following committees to arrange details of the celebration, as follows :

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Geo. E. Clarke,	Seba A. Holton,
Joshua C. Robinson,	S. L. Hamlin,
Wm. H. Hewins.	

SALUTE.

A. M. Goodspeed,	Chas. E. Davis,
Asa P. Tobey.	

TENTS.

Francis A. Nye.	A. F. Crowell,
Silas F. Swift.	

INVITATIONS.

Francis A. Nye,	A. F. Crowell,
J. C. Robinson,	A. Phinney,
Jas. E. Gifford,	Geo. E. Clarke,
Silas Hatch.	

DECORATIONS.

Wm. H. Hewins,	Ward Eldred,
Silas Jones,	Wm. C. Davis,
I. Sargent,	Vinal N. Edwards,
Thos. D. Fish,	Joseph C. Fish, Jr.,
G. W. Jones,	Lewis H. Lawrence,
B. C. Cahoon,	H. V. Lawrence,
Geo. H. Davis,	Capt. H. C. Chester,
Chas. S. Newcomb,	Isaiah Spindel,
Frank J. C. Swift.	

TOWN OF FALMOUTH.

COLLATION.

J. C. Robinson,	E. E. C. Swift,
Prince D. Swift,	Geo. W. Fish,
B. C. Cahoon.	

MARTIAL MUSIC.

Francis A. Nye,	Prince D. Swift.
Chas. H. Nye.	

VOCAL MUSIC.

Chas. L. Hunt,	Robinson C. Bodfish,
Thos. B. Landers.	

TOASTS.

Geo. E. Clarke,	Chas. N. Thayer,
Chas. L. Hunt,	Wm F. Hayward,
Rev. H. K. Craig.	

MUSEUM.

Rev. B. R. Gifford,	Joseph D. Winslow,
Caleb O. Hamblin,	S. L. Hamlin,
Miss Abbie L. Eldred,	N. P. Baker,
Chas. N. Thayer,	Miss Lydia G. Robinson.
Mrs. H. A. Nye,	Mrs. R. P. Gifford,
Mrs. Lydia P. Hinckley.	

ENTERTAINMENT.

Silas Jones,	Wm. F. Jones,
Jas. B. Wood,	Geo. W. Fish,
P. A. Roberts,	Geo. E. Clarke,
W. H. Hewins,	R. P. Gifford,
L. H. Lawrence,	Daniel Bowerman,
Walter O. Luscomb,	S. L. Hamlin,
Wm. Nye,	H. C. Lewis,
T. H. Lawrence.	

TEAMS.

B. C. Cahoon,	E. E. C. Swift,
Geo. H. Davis.	

R. R. TRANSPORTATION.

Francis A. Nye,	Chas. H. Nye,
Geo. B. Young.	

PRINTING.

Henry Jones,	Lewis F. Clarke,
Ward Eldred.	

BADGES.

W. H. Hewins,	J. C. Robinson,
Chas. E. Davis.	

FINANCES.

W. H. Hewins,	Ward Eldred,
Geo. E. Clarke.	

EVENING ENTERTAINMENT.

W. H. Hewins,	J. C. Robinson,
A. F. Crowell,	Geo. W. Fish,
Walter O. Luscomb,	Arthur Underwood.

LOCATION FOR TENT.

S. L. Hamlin,	S. A. Holton,
W. H. Hewins,	Lewis H. Lawrence,
Silas Jones.	

SEATS AND TABLES.

A. F. Crowell,	S. F. Swift,
P. D. Swift,	Foster S. Shiverick,
B. B. King,	J. M. Lambert,
Hiram E. Small,	W. W. Chadwick,
C. S. Newcomb,	T. B. Landers,
T. H. Lawrence.	

FLORAL DECORATIONS.

H. V. Lawrence,	H. H. Fay,
Wm. C. Davis,	D. R. Wicks.
Geo. Look,	Frank H. Beebe,
Mrs. J. B. Wood.	Miss Mary A. Nye,
Miss Etta L. Davis,	Miss Bessie D. Davis,
Miss Hattie B. Swift.	

RECEPTION.

Silas Jones,	Wm. Nye,
Rev. B. R. Gifford,	Benj. H. Hatch,
Abishai Phinney,	Joseph Wing,
Lorenzo Eldred.	

PROCESSION.

C. L. Hunt,	Geo. E. Clarke,
T. H. Lawrence.	

The Chief Marshal chose the following aids :

FREEMAN C. LUCE, Chief of Staff.	
Leander H. Swift,	Vinal F. Hatch,
Joseph C. Burgess,	Andrew W. Davis,
J. G. Wright.	

The date of the town's incorporation was June 4, 1686, O. S. ; hence, in changing to N. S., June 15th was selected as the date of Celebration. The following was the programme for the day :

1686.

1886.

FALMOUTH'S BI-CENTENNIAL.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1886.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Bi-Centennial Salute, Two Hundred Guns at Sunrise.

Procession formed on Main St. at 9.30 A. M., to move at 10, or on the arrival of Special Train from Boston.

EXERCISES AT TENT.

Music.

Address of Welcome.

Prayer.

Singing "America." •

Address.

Music.

Poem.

Music.

Collation.

Toasts and Responses, interspersed with Music.

Singing "Home, Sweet Home."

Grand Re-union of Families, Old Friends and Acquaintances. Illumination, Fire-works and Band Concert on the Common in the evening.

THE CELEBRATION.

At sunrise the citizens were aroused by a salute of two hundred guns by Battery A, Massachusetts Light Artillery, in command of Lieut. Chas. D. White. The first section was in charge of Serg't Frank Porter, and the second of Serg't Putnam, each section working a gun. At the same time the bells in various parts of the town did their part towards ushering in the gala-day.

The procession formed between 9 and 10 o'clock A. M. near the Green, and proceeded to the foot of Depot ave., where it awaited the arrival of the Governor and other invited guests. The procession was as follows :

FIRST DIVISION.

Platoon of district police, in command of Geo. F. Seaver of Taunton,
led by L. C. Swift, marshal's aid.

Boston Cadet Band, J. T. Baldwin, leader ;

Jas. N. Parker, marshal ; F. C. Luce, chief of staff,

V. F. Hatch, A. W. Davis, J. C. Burgess and J. G. Wright. aids.

New Bedford City Guards, Company E, 1st Regiment, 50 men ;
Capt. Wm. Sanders.

President of the Day, Orator, Chaplain, and Poet.

Gov. Robinson and Staff, Lieut.-Gov. Ames, and Secretary Henry B.

Pierce, Rev. J. P. Bodfish, Hon. W. W. Crapo, Hon. Jonathan

Bourne, Hon. C. S. Randall, Hon. Matthew Cushing,

Hon. Francis H. Lincoln ; Col. A. D. Hatch, and

other invited guests, in carriages.

Aged citizens in carriages.

Town officers, Bi-centennial Committee and various sub-committees,
in carriages.

SECOND DIVISION.

Middleboro Cornet Band, J. M. Carter, leader.

Chas. Chipman, Post No. 132. G. A. R., of Sandwich, 35 men ; Geo.

W. Swift, S. V. C., commanding.

The schools of the town, on foot and in carriages.

THIRD DIVISION.

Whale-boat, and crew composed of H. F. Gifford, officer ; Peleg

Lawrence, harpoon ; Henry Howland, stroke ;

A. T. Davis, tub ; N. A. Small, midship ;

C. W. Fish, bow.

Section of Battery A, Mass. Light Artillery, 24 men, Lieut. C. D.

White, commanding ; citizens in carriages ;

Citizens on foot.

The route of the procession was as follows : From the foot of Depot ave., southwest on Elm ave. to the Surf drive ; on this to the foot of Ocean ave. (formerly Shore st.) ; up Ocean ave. to Main st. and west, past Falmouth National Bank, where the line was reviewed by Gov. Robinson ; around the Green, on Main st., to Ludlam's Plains, where a mammoth Yale tent, with accommodations for over three thousand people, had been erected.

Along the line of march the following buildings had been decorated, per order of the Bi-centennial Committee : Town House, Lawrence Academy, and Grammar School House. The residence of Mrs. Sarah Lawrence, in which was located the first post-office in the town, and the residences of Capt. Wm. F. Jones, the late Capt. Silas Bourne, Isaac Bourne and Thos. Ellis, all of which received inju-

ries during the bombardment of the town by the British sloop-of-war "Nimrod," in 1814. Besides these, the citizens very generally decorated their own residences and places of business.

Upon the arrival of the procession at the tent, the guests immediately took their seats at the tables, upon which was placed a bountiful collation furnished by S. P. Richmond of New Bedford. Before each guest was a well-filled lunch-box, upon which was printed "1686—Falmouth's Bi-centennial—1886," and a glass mug with same inscription; the latter being taken away by the guests and citizens as souvenirs of the occasion. Ice-cream and coffee were served during the repast. The tables were well garnished with flowers, provided by the Falmouth ladies.

EXERCISES AT THE TENT.

1. Selections by the Cadet Band of Boston.
2. Address of Welcome by Geo. E. Clarke, Chairman of Bi-centennial Committee, as follows :

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—

Your Excellency, invited guests, and sons and daughters of Old Falmouth : On this two hundredth anniversary of the municipal life of this town, in behalf of the committee appointed at the last annual meeting to arrange for this Celebration, we most heartily welcome you to the festivities of this auspicious day.

While others will doubtless remind you of the scenes and events of long ago, let it be my pleasant duty to speak briefly of the Falmouth of to-day, so like and yet so changed from what it was even a

generation ago. Upon these hills in the west, up which you were wont to climb in pursuit of wild game, fruits, and the beautiful trailing arbutus, and to gaze upon the delightful prospect spread out before you—the rural village nestling among the green foliage, the waters covered with the white sails of commerce, and the green islands in the distance—upon these hills have been erected almost palatial residences with their beautiful lawns and drives, yet with much of their natural wildness still remaining.

The plains on the south, once covered with unique structures familiarly called Salt Works, are now dotted with numerous beautiful summer houses, where the men of the cities are wont to come with their families to recuperate their exhausted strength.

On the east, the eminence, once known as Great Hill, the favorite resort for picnics and clam-bakes, is now literally covered with cottages and hotels filled with summer residents, who are attracted thither by its cooling breezes and beautiful views.

The village, too, is not without its changes. The Green, where once stood the old yet revered meeting-house with its numerous little windows, reminding one of port-holes in an old line ship-of-war, is now surrounded by a substantial iron fence and covered with a beautiful carpet of green; the old meeting-house, remodeled into a modern church edifice, now overlooks its former site. The old Town House that once stood near by, without beauty or architectural proportions, has given place to a neat and convenient structure upon an eligible site in the very center of the village, which seems to have been providentially left unoccupied till wanted for its present purpose. But I need not remind you of the old alms-house, looking like a

great and incommodious barn, now a modest and homelike building adorned with flowers ; our neat and commodious school-houses and numerous churches in different parts of the town, all of which speak of present enterprise and prosperity. I know you are anxious to hear other voices, and I will introduce to you, as the President of the day, a worthy son of worthy ancestors, who traces his descent on both sides from the first settlers of this town,—the Robinsons and the Jenkinsons,—and who is still the proprietor of ancestral acres originally allotted in the first division of land, which have directly descended to him through seven generations,—Dr. Edward H. Jenkins of New Haven, Connecticut.

Dr. Jenkins spoke as follows :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—

We have come together, some of us from a long distance, to attend a birthday celebration—the two hundredth birthday of our native town Falmouth, whose maiden name was Succanessett. We may say of her that her years rest lightly on her, her eye is not dimmed nor her natural force abated. A homely—homely in the best sense of that word—and a serene life she has led for two centuries, supported in the arms of the ocean. Her children are numbered by thousands, and we all rise up to-day and call her blessed. We bless her for her free church, for her free school, and for her local self-government. It is these three principles, recognized in our national government through the influence of New England men and New England townships, which are the surest guarantees of our stability as a nation and are full of promise for the future of this democ-

racy. We cannot prize too highly nor guard too jealously the rights given us by our town organization. It is a heritage of the New Englander which no one else in this country or in any country enjoys to the same extent. The town meeting, with its somewhat prosy and often acrimonious debates on how herring shall be caught or what bounty shall be paid on woodchucks, is, when it is studied in its relations to the general government, a wonderful institution, the bright consummate flower of our political institutions, for it is pre-eminently "The government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

It is, then, most fitting that we should celebrate this town birthday.

The chaplain, Rev. E. D. Hall of Providence, R. I., then offered the following PRAYER :—

CENTENNIAL PRAYER BY REV. E. D. HALL

JUNE 15, 1886.

O, Thou God of our fathers, on this memorable day we humbly bow in thy infinite presence, and thank Thee for the signal events of an historic past. Thou hast honored us with a noble heritage for which we are grateful and offer to Thee our acknowledgments. The spirit of our ancestors has animated us, their sons and daughters, to come to this our home altar and memorialize the natal year of this colonial town, and for a day we have left out inheritances in the land to celebrate the day our fathers took possession of these fields and laid the foundation for a permanent residence—two hundred years ago.

We their children come to this sacred altar to raise another cen-

ennial stone of remembrance. At the honored shrine of a parentage whose dust lays at our feet we worship Thee, from whom they received their wisdom and inspiration, whose breathings with other members of this royal commonwealth, gave birth to a nation of universal fame, being associated with every high and lofty purpose, and with all that elevates, adorns, ennobles, and dignifies man. As we cast our eyes over the earth, and compare the benighted condition of uncivilized nations, and the agitated condition of civilized Europe, with our now happy land, we are led to exclaim, How great was thy wisdom, O, Lord, in sifting the old world to obtain the better seed with which to sow in this land the principles of a God-honoring nation, and we rejoice that among those noble spirits were some of the early settlers of this town, and we look with honest pride at the bright flag which now floats from staff and dome, under whose protection we shall speak and meditate to-day ; for it is emblematical of a life of onward and upward progress, whose spirit animated our fathers, shedding its light and power over the land of the free and the home of the brave. A flag which now spreads its ample folds from sea to sea, under which our steamers plough the ocean, and our ships float on all seas, bearing commerce to all nations, although its folds have been shaken by the storms of war, and torn by hurling balls, yet our armies have triumphed in victory, wrenching the rod of oppression from the hand of despotic power, while the stars and stripes proudly wave over an empire of freedom, whose arts of peace are wonderfully advancing, becoming perfect and useful. Railroads have lengthened their serpentine tracks, having grappled with all obstacles, extending our facilities and cementing the bonds of our Union. Our

internal communications have improved by chaining the lightning to the wires,,by which we can hold converse with friends far away as though we were face to face.

Although the principles of freedom have attracted to this land a heterogeneous mass of mankind, still, we are comparatively a contented people, thriving, industrious, cheerful, and happy.

O, God be pleased to impress our minds and memories with the fact, that the measures which stimulated the people of this great nation to achieve these great results, were the spirit and character of the early settlers of these colonial and provincial towns of Massachusetts, where lived our fathers whose blood thrills our veins. Thanking Thee, O God, for such an eventful dispensation of the past, in which we have a goodly heritage, we pray that thy blessing may be given to all who have their birth or dwelling in this beautiful town of sacred memory and rich association. May its hills, which thou hast made of granite, be utilized in improvements, and its waters be filled with the tribes of the sea. May thy merciful benediction rest upon its sons and daughters on sea and land, many of whom are gathered here at this reunion, and on all those who shall gather at the future anniversaries of the coming centuries. Bless the Chief Magistrate of this grand old commonwealth of the State and his staff officers, with the Lieutenant-Governor and the various officers and organizations of the State whose presence honors us to-day. May thy wisdom direct him and his counsellors in their administrations of public service. Let continued blessings of wisdom and strength be given to the civil and judicial administrators of this town, which has been noted for its peaceful relations, and renowned for the integrity, up-

rightness, and ability of its citizens, whose presence has graced the various places of responsibility assigned them on sea and land.

May all the exercises of the day performed by the orator and the speakers, be a means of joy and source of inspiration to this vast assemblage, inciting them to greater efforts and nobler purposes in life, and let the arduous labors of the various committees be crowned with success, and when the work of life is done, may we be gathered into the everlasting habitations of the just, whose ceaseless praises shall be unto thy most excellent name—forever. Amen.

“America ” was sung by the audience, led by Francis A. Nye.

On account of the lateness of the hour, the singing was followed by the collation,—Divine blessing having been invoked by Rev. H. K. Craig, after which the President introduced the Orator of the Day, Gen. John L. Swift of Boston, who said :—

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.

This truth with regard to the strongest and most sacred of human ties, holds good in our attachment to the mother town where our lives began. In this land, as individuals and as a race, we owe much to the place of our birth. Local autonomy has developed the ideas and the men that have made us a mighty people to be crowned with an unmatched history. From the planting of Plymouth in 1620 and Boston in 1630, Pilgrim and Puritan civilization has spread from sea to sea in a ceaseless march of adventurous pioneers. Clustering together as they advanced, the fourfold elements of the New England

system,—church, school, townhouse and militia,—became embodied in each settlement ; which has resulted in an unprecedented progress, and stored-up memories of heroic struggle that time can neither dim nor destroy. Falmouth, one of the first offsprings of the earliest of these Massachusetts settlements, rejoices now in the 200th day of its birth. In the sixth volume of the Plymouth Colony Records it is stated that on June 4, 1686, “Upon the request of the inhabitants of Sippecan, alias Rochester, to become a township, and have the privileges of a town, the court granted their desires in yt respect ; and the like granted to Succanesset inhabitants.” That record makes a legal title to the existence of this town, but the time and reason of the adoption of its present name is an unsolved mystery.

In the year 1686 Charles II., last of the Austrian line, ruled Spain. Innocent XI. was reigning pope. Louis XIV. was king of France, and French military posts and Catholic missions circled and enclosed the English settler from the St. Lawrence and the lakes to the outlet of the Mississippi river. James II. was on the throne of England, and Joseph Dudley by him was commissioned as President of New England, when Falmouth, with its twin sister Rochester, became the 66th and 67th of Massachusetts towns. It was a time of general gloom, for the charter rights, under which the colonies had prospered, and by which had been stimulated the habit of self-government, and out of which sprang the nation, had fallen, and Andros as royal governor, against the will of an outraged community, was about to supersede the colonial magistrates.

TRADITIONS.

Falmouth drew most of its early population indirectly from Saugus and Scituate : directly from Plymouth, Barnstable and Sandwich. Tempting as it is to invade the regions of fable lying beyond the year 1686, in order to trace the faint lines of remoter occupation, it is best, with our limited time, to leave the field of doubt and depend solely on that which is authenticated.

Town matters, as chronicled by the town clerk have slight inspiration for the general reader. Our forefathers were more anxious about their property in cattle and lands than for their personal history, therefore their official statements are more valuable to the title-hunter than to the antiquary. The records have invariably an unattractive monotony of comparatively trifling restatements, and Falmouth makes no exception to this rule. Its annals were occupied with the details of most ordinary and prosaic concerns. Two centuries ago it was probably necessary to Joseph Gifford to have it written in the town book that he "gives his creatures a mackerel tail on the left ear." But reading about those earmarks does not thrill with excitement a later generation. What we know beyond dispute is that in 1660 Isaac Robinson and Jonathan Hatch had houses built between Salt and Fresh ponds. There is a romantic story of a birth in the Hatch family on the night of arrival as the boats were anchored among the tall flags. It is said that the boy, in honor of the bulrushes where he first drew breath, was named Moses. Like some theological propositions, this item in our history can neither be affirmed nor denied.

FACTS—THE FIRST PROPRIETORS.

But, however mythical this tradition may be, we hold on with unflagging zeal to the Mosaic account of the first fruit and the infant stage of Falmouth. We know also that the Quakers came in about six years after the first settlers,—and came to stay. From that time to this they have lived here in peace, respected as citizens, neighbors, and friends. By town records we know that one year after incorporation there was laid out a King's highway, from Little Harbor to Five-mile river, and that our prudent progenitors ordered that all travellers using gates or bars should leave them as they found them, closed. Whatever may now be the view about "Gates Ajar" in the celestial country, Falmouth in its primitive condition was against having the bars down or the gates open in this vicinity. In 1689 lands were sold in North Falmouth to John and Ebenezer Nye, and afterward the vacant lands at Wood's Holl, the Highlands in the region of Hog Island, and the "Plain's land" in Tateket were allotted for settlement.

Many of the first proprietors of the Sucannesset plantation retained their connection with the church at the "Great Marshes," but they were frequently reminded by their Barnstable associates that it was needful for them to have a church of their own. According to the Plymouth Records the first movement for a church here was made in 1681, certain lands being set apart forever for the help and encouragement of such fit persons as may be helpful "in teaching the good word of God." In 1687 definite arrangements for public worship in Falmouth were concluded, and the Rev. Samuel Shiverick was the first preacher.

EARLY HISTORY.

The burden of taxation began with civilization, and can only end with the millenium. In 1705 there was much difficulty in collecting an extra tax to meet a deficiency of 42 pounds in the Falmouth budget. An indignation meeting led to a revocation by the town of the oppressive assessment, and an order upon the constable to stay his grasping hand was issued.

The constable was the man of importance in the old days. He was the executive arm and represented power. He collected the dues and reported all breaches of peace to selectmen. He carried about as a badge of office and as a terror to evil doers, a black staff tipped with brass, and furnished at town expense. He took oath faithfully to discharge his duties, among which, by colonial statute, was to apprehend Quakers, notice such as sleep in meeting, and to do the town's whipping. There is no report of any Quaker being apprehended by a Falmouth tip-staff, or of any quaking apprehension on the part of Quakers because of the constable.

The records tell us that every housekeeper was required to "kill six old and 12 young blackbirds or four jays and deliver them to the selectmen, or pay 3s. for delinquency." This slaughter was not commanded to ornament with plumage that indescribable article, the new Falmouth bonnet, but to save Falmouth crops from devastation. Rev. Joseph Metcalfe became a settled minister here in 1707, and the church book shows as members : John Robinson, John Davis, Moses Hatch (probably him of the bulrushes), Thomas Parker, Aaron Rowley, and their wives, together with Mrs. Anna Hatch, Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Alice Hatch, Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Lydia Hatch.

There is an amusing incident of the hair-breadth escape of Parson Metcalfe's new wig from the shears of the good wives of Falmouth, who questioned the Christian seemliness of the very fashionable Boston peruke. They were made to clip off what they thought savored of ungodliness. The story is interesting if true, but this wig anecdote has been heard of in divers places.

In the year 1712 a new purchase of land carried the town to Mashpee and Sandwich boundary lines, and in 1714 Daniel Legg appears on the educational scene as the first-mentioned schoolmaster. Two years afterward the town votes to employ Hannah Sargent as "school dame" for 12 lbs. a year and diet." Whether Daniel Legg was too expensive or whether his legs gave out we are not told.

The town goes on year after year at its initial period, quietly and unostentatiously making its own brick from the clay pits of the forest in the "new purchase"; laying out a training field, building a new meeting-house and a new mill, and for convenience dividing itself into districts. In 1773 an epidemic appears among the oyster beds, and our fathers who relished toothsome food, tried to rescue this worthy shell-fish from the ravages that beset it. All in vain the attempt proved, and this luscious member of the mollusk family became extinct in this locality. Then a prowling and ravenous wolf makes havoc with the sheep, and the town offers a large bounty for its head. These make the principal circumstances in the first 75 years of Falmouth town life.

THE ERA OF THE REVOLUTION.

But other misfortunes than the fatality of bivalves, and other terrors more alarming than devouring wolves are coming to Falmouth.

The grim, fierce aspect of war hovers over the land and people of which it makes a part.

No orator, however gifted or eloquent, has yet done full justice to that momentous epoch that led to American nationality. The thirteen straggling colonies, stretching from the Bay of Fundy to the Florida reef, along an unfortified coast, were composed of an agricultural and seafaring people, tilling the soil and felling forests on land, and on the ocean pursuing commerce. They were untrained to arms, only as called upon to repel the savage. Without disciplined troops, munitions or equipments of war, for seven years they coped with and finally conquered the most formidable nation then existing ; a nation whose skilful generals and brave veterans had fought and won battles in every quarter of the globe.

In this unequal contest Falmouth, with perhaps 250 able-bodied men, enlisted at the beginning and remained to the end, under the banner which became the emblem of resistance to kings and of independence from any government on earth but that which came from themselves.

Never did this town flinch in its patriotic task. Its war record has always been honorable, and sometimes sufficiently conspicuous to be historical. During the French and Indian wars its burdens were comparatively light, the proportion of its levy at that time being only one pound and its quota calling for but one able-bodied person. This draft for money and men was promptly filled to the utmost dollar and the last man. This solitary soldier, according to the records, was sent to the front "with fixt gun, sword or hatchet, horn or cartouch box, suitable ammunition, and knapsack." There is no other account

of this lone warrior than the fact that he made one of fifty-six men from Barnstable county raised for Quebec. His name is not known, or whether he ever came back from the seat of war. He may have been, but this is only conjecture, with Wolfe when the heights were carried and the dying chief rejoiced over a victory that broke forever the power of France in the New World.

DURING THE WAR.

Though cautious and economical, in the war of the Revolution Falmouth made quick and efficient response, and "money was poured out like water." History tells of the doings of Barnstable in 1774, and of "the body of the people" that in great numbers assembled there to denounce the "unconstitutional acts of the British Parliament." John Grannis, Elisha Swift, Ebenezer Nye, Moses Swift and Daniel Butler were of the Falmouth contingent on that occasion, and with others, lifted their hats to Colonel Otis as they passed his house on their way to the Court House. Falmouth sent Moses Swift to the Provincial Congress and voted to stand by that body, and to "secure a stock of cereals," and to "provide firearms" and "put every man on watch." From this town minute-men were organized, and it approved the action of the Continental Congress, voting "to consent to such constitution and form of government as shall most conduce to the safety, peace and happiness of the State." There were "committees of correspondence," and of "safety," the latter "to call the town together in one fortnight complete in arms."

It also appropriated a large sum of money for local defence. Falmouth was in constant fear from invasion. Bristol and Warren in Rhode Island had been sacked. The Elizabeth Islands were

stripped of cattle by the British, New Bedford and Fairhaven had been attacked, and the expectation was general that the roar of the cannon would here soon be heard. This kept Falmouth soldiers largely at home to protect these unguarded shores. But Falmouth in addition sent men to the army, and one of her soldiers, Isaac Green, while on guard, shot a British officer for gross violation of the rules of war. In April, 1779, a fleet of ten sail appeared abreast of this town, intending to surprise and burn it. A tory native having given the alarm, the trenches were full of men, and enlivened by the shrill fife of Stephen Swift, a lad of 16, and inspired by the courage of their leader, Colonel Dimmick, the men were ready for the emergency and the hostile expedition failed to land or to do much of damage. The fifer, Stephen Swift, was my grandfather, and if his fifeing was as exhilarating as the narrations to which I have listened of the scaring of the "sheepstealers" from Falmouth soil, it was music to stir the soul.

Mr. Charles Jenkins, to whose manuscripts Freeman, in making his History of Cape Cod, was much indebted, and which by the kindness of his kindred I have been permitted to review, has prepared with much care the war record and the general history of this town in its earlier years. In these papers of Mr. Jenkins will be found a graphic description of raids upon privateers, the preparations for defence of the town, items concerning the expenditure of £1,000 at first, and £1,200 later, to prosecute the war of 1776,—and about the companies formed, the privations endured, the honorable fidelity of Isaac Green at his post of duty,—all written with a minuteness of detail that demands for them immediate publication. Unusually

exposed, constantly under apprehension, a vigilant coast defence sustained, and all demands upon her fulfilled, entitles Falmouth to the honor of being one of the most energetic and loyal towns in the great struggle for independence.

THE SECOND CENTURY.

At the commencement of the second century of the civic existence of this town James Bowdoin was governor, and a neighbor, for he owned the island of Naushon, and there made sheep raising famous. In 1784 the State had 358,000 inhabitants, and the nation numbered 3,000,000 ; but its position was embarrassed and critical. The proposition for a federal union under a written form of government was approved by every vote cast upon the question in this town. Experience of trial and sacrifice for the principles involved, and the contest of the Revolution had so enlarged and broadened the sense of loyalty in Falmouth, that under no subsequent disaster did it ever quail, nor in any exigency did it ever fail in its duty to town, to State, or to nation. Its staunch loyalty has grown with the expansion of the country, and its fealty to the constitution and the Union has been unbroken from its vote of acceptance to this moment, when its second century beholds the flag it aided in making the symbol of a nation floating over a Republic imperial in extent, and immeasurable in its resources and possibilities.

The exhaustion from the war, and the suffering and depression from depreciated currency which followed that event, kept Falmouth for a long time backward. Prof. James Winthrop of Harvard College in 1791 rode to Falmouth in a chaise. An account in his handwriting of this journey is in the Public Library of Boston. "Falmouth

is a pleasant town," says Winthrop, "but as it is out of repair cannot vie with Sandwich." After referring to Mashpee, he continues: "Got to Mr. Parker's to dine. He lives nearly at Wood's Hole [The professor spells it with one "l" and a final "e," which he maintains is the name for the end of the Cape]. Nobsque divides the Little from the Great harbor. There are only 10 dwelling houses, round the former, but with the shops and outbuildings and the irregularity of the ground it appears like a considerable settlement." In 1787 an attempt was made to set off the north shore of Falmouth to Sandwich, the superior town, as the professor then thought it. The town sent Mr. John Robinson to Boston to resist the scheme.

LOCAL EVENTS.

The practice of vivisection towns not being then in vogue, the movement to amputate Falmouth fell through. Since then secession for any purpose, anywhere, has had no quarter in Falmouth. The 18th century closed, so far as this town was concerned, by permission to Dr. Weeks to build at Nobsque a hospital for inoculation, and by finishing a new meeting-house, and having the bells set ringing at 6 A. M., 12 M. and 9 P. M. This would be a trifle early for our day, but none too soon for a time when the eight-hour agitation was not begun. In 1800 a poorhouse was provided, and Falmouth was then possessed of every feature of advanced civilization. At the beginning of the 19th century there was expended here for schools \$400 yearly, \$900 for town purposes and \$80 for roads. There were then in Falmouth eight mills and 300 dwellings, and a production of 35,000 bushels annually of salt. At this period more English hay was cut in this town than in any town in the county, but the onion crop was

assailed by a deadly insect, and like the lamented oyster this pungent vegetable departed from Falmouth life.

Daniel Webster writes of this town, "in point of position and in regard to prospect it is the handsomest place in these regions." Tradition has it that he feasted often at Great Hill upon a Falmouth chowder with his Falmouth friends, and that was a certain way to get a fine view and tasteful impression of this town. After years of peace Falmouth had a little war of its own, a herring war, to decide whether or not alewives should have right of way to "Coonenosset" pond. It was fought at town meeting, at General Court, at law, and became so bitter that a cannon, in possession of the anti-herring party, was prematurely discharged, killing the gunner and the herring fight at the same time. May the present international herring dispute end without even so much disaster as the loss of one life.

THE WAR OF 1812.

A noted artillery company, commanded by Captain Weston Jenkins, flourished here for some time. This valiant officer made a successful exploit against the British in 1814. The Embargo fell heavily upon this town. Commercially it never entirely recovered from the blow, as its valuable Southern trade was so interrupted that those engaged in it were forced into other channels of enterprise. In 1814, Captain Jenkins, with 32 men, captured at Tarpaulin Cove the privateer *Retaliation*, with its five guns and 12 men. It was the demand for these artillery guns one year before, and the refusal to deliver them, that led to the attack of the British frigate *Nimrod*, the commander allowing an hour and a half of time to remove the sick and aged before firing on the town. The fire was opened, but no

greater harm was done than puncturing a few houses and hitting beds carried into the fields, which caused the air to be filled with flying feathers. The wounded houses in their decoration are in high feather to-day.

THE METHODISTS.

Eighty years ago marked changes began here, and among them, the Methodists commenced to break ground in this section. "Methodism," says Prof. Austin Phelps, "has been emphatically the religion of the frontier and the backwoods." It by no means confined itself to such areas, but wherever it could set up a tabernacle, Methodism has started in. Its preachers are always on the move, and as a body it is always going on. John Wesley, its founder, may be said to have had his pulpit in his saddle, for on horseback he is considered to have travelled the equivalent of 12 times the circuit of the globe to preach in Great Britain alone. Though the first Methodist church here dated from 1811, one year after formation of the second Congregational Church at East Falmouth, the Methodists pushed their pickets into the town some time before that year. Stephen Swift, the fifer of the Revolution, had in manhood become a captain in the merchant service. He had retired and was largely interested in the salt works on the shore road, which were prosperous, until another marked change, by the discovery of interior salt deposits, had placed the old methods of producing salt into a sad pickle, which eventually ruined that investment here.

Captain Stephen Swift lived near the "works" in the angle of the main street and the Teaticket road. His house, when he occupied it, was a picturesque place, having a fine garden, with English

cherry trees, full in their season of luxurious fruit. A long row of Lombardy poplars stood in front of the house, and as in that house I was born, it has for me, even in its decayed condition, a peculiar interest. Captain Stephen Swift, in one of his voyages to Baltimore, had listened to a noted Methodist divine, and was attracted towards the new doctrine. When the advanced Methodist line came into Falmouth he invited its representatives to make his house their home. In his roomy kitchen the first Methodist meetings were held. It has also been told me that in the same kitchen the first masonic gathering met. He was a prominent mason, but for this fact I have only the family hearsay. But, as my father had, and very willingly too, to look after the Methodist horses when their owners made home with Captain Swift, it is quite certain that my grandfather, though dying a member of the First Congregational Church of Falmouth, was an early warm and constant friend to Methodist comers in this place.

MEMORIES OF FATHER TAYLOR.

My parents were members of the Methodist Church, and there is in my mind a mixed memory of youth, in which camp-meeting preparations, baskets of crockery, barrels of provisions and presiding elders commingle together. Father Taylor was stationed here in the early Methodist period, and he and Mrs. Taylor were dear friends of my parents, and they addressed each other with brotherly and sisterly familiarity. At one camp-meeting Father Taylor came to my mother and said: "Priscilla, I'm starving; have you anything to eat?" "Come right in Edward," said Pricilla, "we are just at breakfast." Elder Otis and John Newland Maffit, then at the height of his popularity, were already seated, and Father Taylor took his place the other

side of Maffit who, being very full of zeal, put one hand on Father Taylor and the other upon Otis and exclaimed: "Oh! brethren, may there be such a bowing down of the sinful to-day as the bending of the cedars of Lebanon." "All right, Brother Maffit," said Father Taylor, "but do let me finish this custard pie first in peace."

Father Taylor was in Falmouth when there was much delay in settling a minister over the First Church. The church was willing to proceed, but the council were unrelenting, and so adjourned over from time to time. At a prayer meeting during this halting state Father Taylor fervently remarked: "Oh, Lord, we are weary of installations. If it be thy will, let our brother begin his work in this vineyard, and may the lost be found and the fatted calf be killed. Amen."

"It is admitted," says Gladstone, "that social order is the end of all political aim." The New England town system has become a model for municipal imitation in order best to advance civilization. It inaugurated that method of control over local affairs which the grandest of living and the equal of any departed statesman, against "the spirit and power of class" is now endeavoring to accomplish for the security and liberation of the Old World. If social order be rule by consent, without need of external interference to keep peace or enforce law, then we may challenge a superior to this town in the exhibition of prosperous, courteous, decorous social order. Falmouth has been spared unusual misfortune or calamity. It has escaped widespread pestilence, wasting floods and destructive fires. If the red hand of murder ever soiled its history my eye has been unable to

read of such deed of blood. It began and it remains a town without social or mercantile pretensions, but with old-fashioned notions of personal honor and virtue, and may the time never come when it can be said here,

“That plain living and high thinking are no more.”

FAMILY NAMES.

The perpetuation of original names in Falmouth is remarkable. Of the names of the fourteen persons who landed here in 1660, six names, viz., Hatch, Robinson, Jenkins, Hamblin, Fuller, Hinckley, are here still. In 1689, John Robinson was first deputy from this town to the Legislature. We have with us to-day the Hon. George D. Robinson, the chief magistrate of a Commonwealth of 1,800,000 souls. In his presence it is only fitting for me to say that none of his honored predecessors ever received from the people a heartier recognition of those qualities which constitute an able and upright ruler than Massachusetts extends to him. Falmouth is free from snobbery and aristocratic airs, and yet it believes in and has its first families, and one of our very first bore the name of Robinson. There can be no true Robinson who does not feel it an honor to claim descent from the Rev. John Robinson, the pastor of Leyden. Isaac Robinson, his son, our patriarch, is also the patriarch of the Robinson family in New England. While we welcome here other officers of the State, and the military staff of the commander in chief of our land and naval forces, we have the welcome that comes from ties of blood for the governor because we hold that through Isaac Robinson he is one of our relations. The Robinsons, sisters, aunts, cousins, and the Robinson voters are present to do honor to one of our own kith and

kin who has added to the distinction and upheld the fame of Massachusetts.

The voting-list of Falmouth is proof of the tenacity with which this people have clung to this locality. The dying-out or loss by removal of old names occurs as a matter of necessity, yet they are wonderfully preserved. On the polls there are of the name of Davis 35, Baker 22, Fish 22, Gifford 21, Lawrence 19, and from them came the only benefactor by bequest the town has had, Mr. Shubael Lawrence. Of the name of Hatch on the list there are 18, Nye 17, Robinson 17, Swift 16, Childs 15, Jones 13, Bowman 12, Phinney 11, Hamblin 10, Crocker 9, Fisher, Smalley, 8 each; Dimmick, Bourne, Studley, 6 each; Jenkins, Chadwick, Hewins, Edwards, 5 each; Shiverick, Eldred, Tobey, Burgess, Crowell, Baxter, 4 each; Green, Donaldson, Weeks, Wicks, 3 each; Lewis, Pease, Butler, Bearse, Bowman, 2 each; Bodfish, Sturgis, Dillingham, 1 each. There are other names, but these mentioned have been selected because they can be traced to the first days in most instances, and because from them have been taken representatives, senators, selectmen, clerks, treasurers and other officials of the town.

“DIED AT SEA.”

Upon the tombstones of those who are laid away under the sod will be found their names cut in marble, and often may be seen the words, “died at sea.” For 160 years the main occupation here was seamanship. In a splendid burst of oratory, speaking of the whale fishermen of New England, Edmund Burke says: “We know that while some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude and pursue their gigantic

game along the coast of Brazil. No ocean but what is vexed with their fisheries, no climate that is not witness to their toil. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise ever carried this perilous mode of hardy enterprise to the extent which it has been pressed by this recent people, a people who are still as it were in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood." To this W. H. Seward in 1852 in the Senate of the United States, adds : "Boston finds more lucrative employment in her capital in spindles, in railroads, and even in her fields of ice and quarries of granite ; and so leaves the profit and loss of the whale fishery to Freetown, Falmouth, Sippican, Wareham, Plymouth, Holm's Hole, Fall River, Providence, Fairhaven, New Bedford, and Nantucket, towns, which but for their pursuit of the whale fishery would scarcely have been honored with designation on the chart or names in the gazetteers."

. THE SAILOR'S LIFE.

It has often been said, and there is truth in it, that in the expression of great joy or of deep grief our people are not demonstrative. For a century and a half some member of nearly every Falmouth family followed the sea. "The great and wide sea wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships ; there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein." So speaks the Psalmist. By Milton that leviathan is described as :

Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretched like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land, and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out a sea.

To part from home for years with chances of never returning ; to be far away hunting the whale, and to think in some flash of memory of little faces in their beds ; to be cast away, and in a lifeboat to have the home you left behind burned into your soul ; or to be at home and to hear the winds crack and to see the gray skies and remember the dangers to son, or brother, or husband, living always in the innermost core of the heart ; or to have come to you a fair-haired, blue-eyed child, and then to wait and to watch for news, with an aching heart human tongue cannot describe, for the father to come home to see and to clasp the unseen one ; and then some morning to find that he is never to come ; and like Tennyson's inscription to Sir John Franklin, to know he is

Not here! The white North has his bones, and thou,
Heroic sailor soul,
Art passing on thy happier voyage now
Toward no earthly pole.

Such lessons teach command and nerve and self-control, hiding both the grief and the gladness of the heart. With changing customs these stern lessons of the perils of the great deep and their attendant sorrow passes in a great degree from our history.

CHURCHES.

The Mayflower intended to make haven in Virginia, but disembarked its one hundred and two Pilgrims to become the founders of New England. Isaac Robinson, with his fourteen associates, as they skirted these shores in 1660, were supposed to have had Martha's Vineyard in view as their point of destination. For some reason which to us seems other than mere chance they landed here to found

this now venerable town. Dr. R. S. Storrs referring to the divine methods which appear in New England history, says that God "prepared this continent with a Christian colonization, insignificant in its beginning, apparently almost accidental in its direction, but providential in its movement and amazing in its growth." Dull indeed must be the mind that does not realize what we owe to the faith of our fathers, a faith that controlled their personal and directed their political aims. Religious instinct was the powerful motive in New England civilization, and the central conviction that a people could only prosper as they followed conscience and obeyed Deity, caused church existence and religious influence to be contemporary and coincident with our civil career. In this town, balancing the present with the past, there is in Falmouth no diminution of religious ideas or incentives. Organized church life began here one or two years after town incorporation, with very feeble membership and meagre pay to its first teacher. Falmouth has now five Congregational, four Methodist, one Quaker, one Episcopalian and one Catholic society, with churches in which to worship. All these churches have had pastors endeared to the societies over which they presided, and of each one of them who have left their work on earth in all probability it could be said as of the Rev. Mr. Metcalfe, who lies in your cemetery :

His virtues would a monument supply,

But underneath this stone his ashes lie.

Of the 12 ministers who have been connected with the First Congregational Church the Rev. Mr. Metcalfe served 16 years, the Rev. Mr. Palmer 45 years, the Rev. Mr. Lincoln 33 years, Dr. Henry B. Hooker 20 years, and the present minister, the Rev. Mr. Craig, is

in his 15th year of service. These five men, occupied 125 of the 200 years which Falmouth has known.

REV. DR. HOOKER AND DAUGHTER.

When a lad, visiting at Teaticket, I attended church with my grandmother, and first saw and heard the Rev. Henry B. Hooker. I remember with what affection his parishioners at that time spoke of him and the tenderness and love and implicit trust they had for him. Many years afterward, when I had reached 50, and time had touched my head with gray, in an evening meeting of the church in Boston, with which I worship, there was a missionary service. And there again, after the lapse of nearly 40 years, I saw and heard Dr. Hooker. He spoke of two young Falmouth sailors in a foreign land who went to hear a devoted missionary in some far port, and were won to the faith that carries the "glad tidings" to the uttermost parts of earth. He concluded his words with prayer, and every heart was by it borne upward. In that little room, under the sway of that prayer, we mounted to the skies to look upon hills "whence cometh our help." It was so full of hope, taking us out of grossness and cares to the atmosphere of trust and confidence in the great Plan—so rare and jubilant that no one who listened to that prayer could ever forget its help and power. No wonder that the daughter of such a father, among the dwellers of "India's coral strand", teaches the sublime faith taught to her in her Falmouth home from his glowing speech. No wonder that such men live in our memories, or that old men and women speak of such a minister with tears in their eyes. What visions of blessedness come to us as we think of such servants of our Father in our Father's home, where "is no more sea," no

more partings, nor heart-breaking sorrow, but where the young to whom baptismal rites were administered, and the aged for whom the last prayer went up to God, gather around him in the city, the gates of which are pearl and the streets golden.

THE QUAKERS.

In attempting to settle Rev. Mr. Palmer in 1728, objection was made by Stephen Harper, Benjamin Swift, two by name of Bowerman, three by name of Landers, and five Giffords, who were all Friends and were opposed to further compulsory support of the church in which they did not worship. The Quaker vote on this occasion seems to have been out in full force. The town settled the difficulty by "clearing the Quakers" from ministerial tax. In 1732 Dea. Parker's negro servant "Cuffee" was baptized and received into full communion with "consent of the brethren." This was advanced action against the race prejudice of that day, and the town must have fallen from grace on the color line, for in my youth the graveyard had a corner set apart for our "brother in black." Toleration and hospitality are the acknowledged characteristics of our townspeople. An illiberal Falmouth man or woman is hard to imagine, and their hospitality is hard to excel. Our habit of toleration began with Isaac Robinson in 1660, who from his father, the Leyden minister, was taught "to follow truth whenever and by whomever taught."

THE INDIANS.

Intercourse with the Quakers had undoubtedly much to do with the liberal tone and tolerant ways of the community. This liberality and humane disposition is seen in the just treatment of Indians, with whom Falmouth was always on the kindest terms. Lands were orig-

inally procured from the Indians by purchase, and no dispute because of cruelty or unfair transactions has here been known. Massachusetts has many black marks against her for dealing with the savage upon a martial rather than a merciful basis. Of late the State has sought to offset its harsh and sometimes cruel record in this particular. Massachusetts, a few years ago, did much to condemn the cold-blooded policy of an American Secretary of the Interior in his inhuman dealings with the Poncas. Now her senior senator is the recognized champion of the rights of the Indians, and he is regarded as high authority upon what may be deemed one of the most important of our public questions.

In North Falmouth, upon lands bought 200 years ago from the heirs of Governor Bradford, and now in possession of the Hon. Francis A. Nye, bounded by a lake, there is a picturesque elevation that from time immemorial has been the burial-place of Indians. There can now be seen upon this interesting spot more than one hundred stones of the field, which mark these rude graves. Once, by permission of the authorities, a son of Arthur Tappan of New York, residing here, was allowed an examination of one of these interments, to discover if any relics could there be found. Nothing of the traditional accompaniments was revealed; but this place has been piously guarded by all owners and every generation out of respect to the dead of a nearly extinct race. This incident is typical of the consideration which has signalized our entire intercourse with the aborigines.

WHAT FALMOUTH HAS DONE.

Falmouth makes no boasts. No huge fortunes has it gathered from commerce or fisheries. No mighty ships have here been launched. It does not rank as a manufacturing town. Its attempt at new industries, such as the erection of glass-works, proved, as a venture, as brittle as the fabric sought to be made. Only within late years has the railroad broken the primeval stillness and the successful enterprise at Wood's Holl obtained a foothold. But Falmouth has always had in it true, warm-hearted, capable men and women. From every portion of this town, north and west—Falmouth, Wood's Holl, Waquoit, East End, Hatchville, Davis's Neck, Teaticket or the Centre—this tolerant and hospitable people have gone forth to find other avenues of enterprise and to make elsewhere their homes. As ship-masters, as mechanics, as traders, as lawyers, as preachers, as professors and teachers, or as public servants, they have carried with them the traits of generosity and impartiality that by birthright have enabled them to enrich with exemplary conduct and example their new habitations.

On the headstone of Lot Dimmick, once a prominent man of Falmouth, is the inscription: "He merits that noblest of mottoes, an honest man." It reads to us better than it would if it told us that he had left millions. Lot Dimmick had a descendant whose name was Edmund Chadwick. Many years since a Southerner came North for health, and not finding it, longed to get back to his Southern home. He was sick and no master would accept the care of him. Edmund Chadwick was a merchant doing business in winter at the South, and offered to take charge of the stranger. His labors and exposure

caused his own death, but his noble sacrifice was never forgotten by those who loved him, and to this hour they have treasured him as "one who loved his fellow-men." Only a few days since Edmund Chadwick's widow was buried here.

SOME OF ITS SONS.

The contribution of Falmouth to society has been the rearing of such men. Without them there could have been for us no republic, no Bunker hill, Yorktown or successful Washington, no Grant or Appomattox. It is the rank and file of our towns which constitute the forces of national strength and character, by which has been builded a fabric of government that startles its beholders as they gaze upon its extent and power. It is the rank and file that win the battles and create the safeguard of humanity. So, it is the rank and file—the every-day men and women—that have given reputation and honor to this township, sending its surplus of trained citizenship to the valley of the Mohawk, to Western plains, to California mines, to Arctic seas, to far frontiers, to our Canaans of corn and wheat, to do everywhere the daily duty of honorable men and women.

From this town went out Samuel Lewis, to become the First State superintendent of Ohio common schools, a man distinguished for his zeal in "the promotion of all educational, anti-slavery, temperance, and kindred reforms." When a boy, living in a city hundreds of miles from here, often have I heard the remark, "As honest as Job Parker," a native of Falmouth, whose standard of integrity was as familiar to the city of Utica as that of Aristides was thousands of years ago to the people of Athens. Among the most energetic, kindly and influential of the Catholic priesthood of Boston is Father J. P.

Bodfish, born in Falmouth. In the bayous of Louisiana the 19th Army Corps was delayed by a jam of debris and logs which seriously interfered with our plans. Word came to the general: We have found an officer equal to the emergency, who will soon extricate us. He did, and he was Captain Elijah Swift, a native of this town.

Thomas Lewis was the town clerk of Falmouth for a quarter of a century, and as capable as his predecessor, Thomas Lewis, who occupied the same position at Falmouth in 1700. He had a son Frederick T. Lewis, who was mustered into service as second lieutenant in 1862, promoted to first lieutenant in January and captain in July, 1863, fighting in a Western regiment at Champion Hills, Black river, Jackson, and in the charge at Vicksburg. Captain Lewis, while acting assistant adjutant-general of the brigade under command of Colonel Spicly, was engaged in the last battle of the war at Blakely, Ala., April 9, 1865, and was mentioned in the official report "for fearless and gallant conduct." Twenty-three years ago next Fourth of July Captain Lewis sent to his father a letter dated "Vicksburg, July 4, 1863. Glory! Glory!! Glory!!! Vicksburg is ours, surrendered to-day, on the 4th. Hurrah for Grant and the Western army." He concludes: "Now let us hear from General Meade and the Army of the Potomac. Love to all. Yours, Fred." Captain Frederick Lewis couldn't wait an hour before sending to his old Falmouth home the wonderful news of victory with his "love to all." Heroes come from such material.

IN THE CIVIL WAR.

In the civil war Falmouth had from its resident citizens but two commissioned officers. Of men it furnished 10 over its quota, though

the greater portion of Falmouth men were at sea when the war broke out. Of its own people, however, the town sent out 138 for the army and 20 for the navy, and 100 men from other places. Exclusive of State aid, Falmouth spent \$20,156.33, beside \$647 for sick and wounded, and for families of volunteers \$4,174.20. The patriotic women of this place were tireless in their efforts to forward barrels and boxes for relief of the soldier, in all articles and sanitary stores valued at \$1,200. Mr. Thomas Lewis, Jr., who gave these facts to the authorities, says: "With no set speeches to record, there was always manifest at our meetings a determined will to do all in our power to bring the rebellion to an end." "Could you," he adds, "have been present at the gatherings of the fair sex words of patriotism would have been heard as flow from no other hearts." He also says: "Three sons of a very poor citizen in town enlisted. One was married and had a family of five little children. The aged parents were dependent upon the other two for support. All three sons were killed in the war." Thus Falmouth did its duty for the flag.

It has not fallen to this town to give to the world men eminent in law, letters, invention or politics—not even a member of Congress. Though without any citizen distinguished for great riches or great celebrity, yet Falmouth has had its men of mark. Ministers have gone from here whose learning and eloquence have met with recognition in other parts of our country. Years ago Elijah and Thomas Swift were prosperous men of affairs, doing much for the commercial reputation of this town.

John Jenkins was a notable citizen, much in public life and a foremost man among his fellows. Fox once said: "No man could be

as wise as Lord Thurlow looks." When young I saw and was much impressed with Mr. John Jenkins. He was of imposing presence, and it seemed to me that few men on this earth could be as great as Mr. Jenkins looked. He appeared to me to be a born leader.

MASTER SEAMEN.

This town has been rich in master seamen, the Hamblins in the whale fishery,—and for captains that trod all decks with skill and courage. Captain William Bodfish was a shipmaster at nineteen years and superior in his profession. Captain John Crocker was with Mr. Sturgis of Boston, the founder of the Oregon trade. Captain Watson Chadwick commanded one of the celebrated packets in the Liverpool line that before steamships made extraordinary passages across the Atlantic. Captain R. R. Crocker crossed the ocean 164 times, at one time saving the lives of 32 wrecked men. For an almost miraculous escape with a costly ship and cargo after abandonment by a pilot, Captain Crocker was rewarded by the Lloyds with £500 and by a present of a silver cup.

Falmouth has had its military hero, as brave and patriotic as ever lived or fought. Joseph Dimmick was a lieutenant at Ticonderoga, a colonel in the war of the Revolution, a brigadier-general in 1812. He was representative from this town and district and for twenty years high sheriff of the county. His daring capture of privateers and his constant service to the country need no repetition from my lips. The historian has drawn him as "a consistent Christian, fulfilling every task with dignity, fidelity and honor." The place of General Dimmick in the recollections of Falmouth will be lasting, not only as a soldier in command, but for that uniform superiority of

personal worth which we may say with Freeman, "was his crowning glory."

There are men and women who exalt and hallow the scenes and places in which they live. Over them no note of fame is sounded, but when they leave us to go beyond it is said of them as it was said in Falmouth of Thomas Fish, "no man could have a purer record."

ITS UNKNOWN HEROES.

Ah ! There are unknown heroes and heroines in this life, and of these Falmouth has had its share. Faithful, believing hearts, who for principle, in the quiet of their homes plodding on unheralded and seeking no reward,—but for whom is the crown that knows no fading. We know them, and their friendly doors were ever opened to the negro slave on his way to liberty, and were never closed to any deserving one in need ; men who besought in every prayer that the fallen might be rescued and the oppressed be made free. Yes, we have known homes from which devoted women went out to hovels and to prisons, with bread to stay hunger, and with the message of the Living Bread to save the lost. They were men and women to whom every forlorn, helpless outcast was a brother man or woman, and who gave up possible wealth that they might live true to their sense of right, always having the confidence and gratitude of the poor to bless them. Such men and women have come from Falmouth homes. No trumpet proclaims their praise, but of their virtues hymns sing.

With forests huge, of dateless time
Thy will has hung each peak sublime,
But withered leaves beneath the tree,
Have tongues that tell as loud of Thee.

Looking back 200 years we see the vast changes that have been made. In the town journal under date of Oct. 25, 1700, is the record: "Town of Falmouth assembled together, and it was then voted by said Town that there should be raised nineteen pound and five shillings, and all the inhabitants of said Town to be taxed to defray the charge of the same toward this year. For Mr. Shiverick 15lb. For the repairing of the pound, 2lb. 15s. For assessors 1lb. 10s., for Sylvanus Hatch 10s." This year Falmouth appropriated \$2,000 to keep open house on its birthday. The population in 1774 was 1,300. Eighty-six years ago Falmouth numbered 1,882. Now there are 2,520 inhabitants, there being an excess of twenty-two women. This is an excess in the right direction, for Falmouth women are our "best element," and have no superior in our estimation.

The valuation of the town is \$3,597,761, and there are but 10 towns in the State with lower rates of taxation, and these in all cases but one are but a trifle less. For school purposes the last annual appropriation was \$7,300; for poor, \$3,100; for highways, \$6,000. With such outlays on a taxation of \$6.30 on the thousand, we can understand why Falmouth is not now "out of repair," as in 1791, when Prof. Winthrop visited it.

THE OLD HOME.

It is a tradition that those who have once drank from the Nile never lose a longing to taste the waters again. Something akin to this want is the clinging of the human heart "to the spot of its origin." However far in after years our steps may wander from the old home, the craving once more to look upon it with our eyes and to press

with our feet its turf and sands never leaves us until sentiment within us is dead and refined and pure emotions are by us forgotten.

The hills of Falmouth have become the residences of people of wealth. Its woods and shores are the resort of visitors who find this region fair and delightful. But to love Falmouth as we who passed our childhood and youth within its limits, love it, there must be remembered the lullaby of its waves, the sight of its channels filled with white-winged craft, and the balm of its pines as breathed in the halcyon days of long ago.

To recall *our* Falmouth, is to have visions of sailors coming ashore after years of absence, with shells, treasures of bone and coral and sea trophies ; is anew, by aid of memory, to walk in the glamour of youth beneath Falmouth oaks, and to read over again old authors in natural cathedrals arched with trees, where stones seem placed for Druid rites. To know Falmouth by heart one must years ago, by moonlight, have sailed on Long pond, to hear a beloved voice echo among the cliffs at the head of the loveliest of inland waters ; must recall the affection of kindred who cared for you as you came in the exaction of youth to the old homestead, and that exuberance of romance that tempted you at midnight with your dog for company, to tramp from Teaticket to the ridge that overlooks Buzzard's bay ; must have beheld, while sleep had closed all other lids, the wonderful dreamlike beauty of the world, softened by the descending moon ; then will be understood why by some of us Falmouth cannot be blotted from remembrance. With the logs blazing at the hearthstone, we hear again a father tell of the bombardment by the Nimrod with all the fervor of a soldier-lad who helped "to dig the trenches." We

see his eye flash as he imitates the taunt of General Dimmick to the British : "If you want these pieces, come and take them." Full of emotion, we hear him tell of the houses that were struck with balls, until, as he closes with the words, "but no redcoat of them all dared to land ; if they had, we would have swept them from the earth," and our patriotic impulses no longer able to withhold their ardor, we shout, "hurrah for the town and its brave defenders."

THE PRESENT GATHERING.

It is such recollections that have brought many of us here, on this anniversary occasion, to express and offer our tribute of regard on this 200th birthday of dear old Falmouth. We, who came in the morning once more to mingle with kindred and once more to review ancestral scenes, must, as the evening approaches, go our various ways. We have looked on the spots where we and our sires were cradled, and some have been where our forefathers sleep the long sleep. We have seen the dwellings pierced in war by cannon shot, and have thus revived our esteem and renewed our affection for the place of our nativity. There may be within our national boundaries many places where mountains tower higher, where rushing rivers are wider, where the lakes are grander ; places of more mercantile importance, of more historical distinction, with names more distinguished in arts and literature, and with far more of the pomp and circumstance of material renown. But as we gather around our firesides, more or less remote from the mother-town, holding converse with the ones we cherish, as we have told in other days to our children, so in the flicker of the firelight we shall tell to our grandchildren, that nothing is lovelier to us than the peaceful waters that shine like jewels

on the bosom of this beautiful town ; that nothing is more melodious than the music of the surf of bay and sea, that beating against its shores, welds firmer at every stroke the town to the mainland ; that nowhere within our wide borders is there any affection purer or tie stronger than that which binds to Falmouth the hearts of its living and scattered sons and daughters, each one echoing the thought of Goldsmith :

Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart untravelled fondly turns to thee.

Music by the Cadet Band.

THE PRESIDENT.

It is matter of great regret that as these exercises did not begin as promptly as was hoped, a portion of the programme must be omitted. It has been decided to omit from the programme the poem of Mr. S. C. Lawrence, but I am glad to say that that will be printed in full, so that we shall all have opportunity of reading it. I now propose to you as the first toast for this afternoon :

“The Commonwealth of Massachusetts—a name synonymous with liberty, culture and progress. Represented to-day by a descendant of John Robinson, a Puritan, whose son Isaac was one of Falmouth’s pioneers. This noble stock has not degenerated, as is proved by the vigorous, incorrupt and even-handed administration of His Excel-

lency Governor Robinson, whom I now introduce to you. [Continued applause.] :

RESPONSE OF GOV. ROBINSON.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—

Another town to-day celebrates the centennial anniversary of her birth ; another occasion draws the attention of all the people, far and near, that find attachment to her or ties of kinship in her sacred places ; another sun shines upon a procession of hearty souls and fervent spirits who are ready to testify of their delight of the accomplishments of the past ; another day comes, and man and woman and child join again in kindest greeting, look each other most tenderly in the eye, and grasp each other most warmly by the hand, and it all goes on as it has many times before within the borders of our beloved Commonwealth. It is, indeed, no unusual experience. Massachusetts witnesses the same every year many times, and whenever her people assemble, whenever good thoughts and warm instincts inspire them, there they delight to bear their testimony to the Commonwealth that they love so fondly. It is with great pleasure, indeed, that one has the right to speak for her in such a presence as this. She gives you without stint her salutation, her congratulations, and she ranks you in the highest with your sister towns and cities throughout the State.

Were that all my testimony, it would indeed be pleasant, but I come here with a personal tie. Along up the lines of kinship and

relationship I can follow closely, step by step, and see here the beginning of the family to which I belong. It is not alone in name that we stand together, but the courses of blood run in harmony. I accept for myself all that the graceful orator said in his generosity in allowing the claim of lineage to the Rev. John Robinson of holy memory. It is honor enough to any person to be connected with that independent, fearless, pure-minded, God-adoring man. (Applause.) You will find the Robinsons not only in Falmouth but all along in our towns and cities, and we that are Robinsons never offer any apology for them (Loud applause). But there is much more in my connection with you, my friends, than even the orator, in the plenitude of his knowledge, could state, for I am not only Robinson but Davis as well (renewed applause). Do you not know that Isaac Robinson, who came in 1631, was followed in 1634 by Dolor Davis, and his descendants have populated in great part this town and vicinity, and the Robinsons and the Davises, always too enterprising to stay in any place long, have overflowed into the surrounding country and have settled in Lexington and Concord? There is the origin, twofold, of myself on this honorable occasion. Why, my friends, do we not, we that are in that royal line, justly feel proud that our heritage traces back to this place and to the time that we now celebrate? What of the deeds that have been wrought out on many a field in which those that we glory in bore their most honorable part? So while I have had the opportunity to look about among you to-day and be sure that I traced here the proof of lineament, of kinship and close connection, and while cousins by the score appear on every hand, and while I know that we are here simply to renew the asso-

ciations and ties of the older time and to hand them down to the future, we shall be pardoned, certainly, if we come here with a fervor and enthusiasm greater than others can possibly know.

The little stream that tumbles down over the rocks of yonder hill finds in its passage a little level spot where the water rests in peace and quiet. There comes the little child, and as he stands before it, he gazes into the glassy surface and beholds his own face pictured to life. The stream rolls on. The years come and go. The little boy grows up from infancy, through boyhood and manhood, and to old age, and threescore years and more may pass, and in bending form he lives to come again to the old spot that was so dear to him, and there the same face and the same person bends over the same glassy spot. Boy he is and there again he looks as of old, and yet the face comes not back to him as by his first gaze. How it has changed, and how the history of that life is wrought out in the succession of scenes that must have passed to accomplish that wonderful transformation. Could I mirror to you the Falmouth of 1686, and then present the picture in the consecutive years until the present time, and bid you now look in and take the reflection, what would you find that should remind you of the past? Is all the freshness, all the life, all the spirit, all the strength and all the hope gone, and is there nothing left of Falmouth to-day but tottering and feeble and unpromising age? Is it only the tomb of destruction and death that you see now? No, the picture does not testify that, for grand as were the accomplishments of the fathers, grander still are the works of the sons. They believed with their zeal and knowledge, and we, in the abundance of our gratitude and veneration shall never

cease to declare their praises. But we have not lost, in these good old New England communities, in these loyal, virtue-loving and integrity-keeping towns of our Commonwealth,—we have not lost the safeguards that keep the people permanent, reliable and prosperous for the future.

The picture to-day promises a hundred fold over that of 1686. Then you might gaze upon it with the dim and uncertain candle-light that you hold by night above its surface, but now into its mirroring bosom comes a flood of God's electric illumination that entrances your eye and brings every perfection in view. This comes because of our regard for the town system of government. To my mind, it is the perfection of administration of human affairs. Our people in their town meetings meet face to face, each man there on an equality with his neighbor, no royalty except that of honor and integrity and fidelity, and there each man's voice and each man's vote are potential of the manhood and ability in them. (Applause.) So long as we stand by the principle that underlies this permanent institution of our government, so long we shall have communities that are well ordered and prosperous and peaceful and successful. Gov. Andrew said that our army on going into the field was a collection of town meetings. So it was, and those town meetings went in at Bull Run, but they came out at Appomattox. (Applause.) Our fathers did well,—all honor to them; but no more bravely did they respond than the boys of 1861 to 1865, when war threatened to desolate the land and to disrupt the Union of America.

Falmouth has done well, as the orator said, not in the startling and attractive grandeur of accomplishments, as the world reads them,

but in true, honorable and noble living, in well-ordered, peaceful, contented, happy homes, in fathers and mothers who believe in rearing children according to the dictates of honor, uprightness and good behavior, and who still regard the cardinal principles of virtue, truth, and religion as worth preserving and perpetuating for all time. (Applause.) Your blood runs everywhere. No place on this continent, aye, not even in the world, that there is not some one that has a fond attachment to your old town, and feels exultant sympathy with you at this joyous celebration. Never fear that history shall ignore your accomplishments. They are written in the deeds of the people who have honored this town. It is a joyful sight to-day, as one looks up and down this long row of seats, to see here and there friends that have gathered together, after long intervals of waiting, many that have come home here now for the first time for many years, to sit down again on the birthday of the old town, and to greet friend after friend in joyful exultation over the success. One can see it that has a trained eye, and the Governor always has for such occasions. (Laughter.) He is sure to appreciate just these occasions because he is somewhat familiar with them (renewed laughter)—and one with a trained eye can always see in every group of this kind this manifestation of sympathy, this proof of kinship, this interest in one another, that demonstrates an attachment which is not confined to the borders of the town itself.

Two hundred years accomplished, second centennial observed, and we are now about ready to leave the next hundred years to be wrought out in its destiny. What shall be the record? It remains not for those that have lived and died in the years gone to write it,

but for you and all that shall dwell hereafter in this town to make the event that shall demonstrate your fidelity and attachment to the high principles upon which this town was founded. When this centennial shall again be celebrated, the 300th morning sunrise guns shall not beat with their booming upon the ears that listened to-day for the peal, but upon others will they sound. And not as a prophet, but as one who appreciates the real strength and safety and security of New England life, do I say that when that time shall come others shall be gathered here, others shall celebrate with greater zeal the accomplishments of the past, and we will trust that they will look back to our time and find cause for gratification that we not only celebrated to-day what had been accomplished in 200 years, but held high the standard for the coming time, so that young and old should find their strength and encouragement for the grand work of perpetuating and preserving the liberties and prosperity of our people. (Great applause.)

THE PRESIDENT.

Our next toast is, The Lieutenant-Governor,—a representative of the business enterprise and integrity of the Commonwealth,—the Hon. Oliver Ames. (Great applause.)

RESPONSE OF LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR AMES.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—

You have paid me the highest compliment you can pay any man when you say I am a representative of the business integrity and enterprise of Massachusetts.

It is an old saying that “fair words butter no parsnips.” In my business life, I have always found it true that the man who boasts the most as to his integrity, or who continually proclaims to the world that he is the soul of honor, is a fraud. I believe with General Swift, that it is to the rank and file who give good work and honest products, who make no pretensions whatever, that we are to look for the men who are to build up and sustain the reputation of Massachusetts.

I am no speaker, as you can see. I make no pretensions in that line. Your time is limited, so I will take my seat and give way to others whom you wish to hear. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT.

The Secretary of the Commonwealth—would that he could produce from the archives of the State a more satisfactory account of the incorporation and naming of the town of Falmouth,—I will call on the Hon. Henry B. Peirce. (Applause.)

RESPONSE OF HON. HENRY B. PEIRCE.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—

At a recent musical festival of some 2,000 children of a Sunday-school organization in Georgia, when the Bishop of Atlanta had closed his address, he stepped to the front of the platform in a confidential way, and said : “Is there any little girl or any little boy here who would like to ask me a question?” One little girl near the stage, inspired and encouraged, jumped up and said,—“Please, why did the angels walk up Jacob’s ladder if they had wings?” (Laughter.) The bishop hummed and hawed, and finally said : “Is there any little girl or any little boy here who would like to answer Mary’s question?” (Laughter.) Acknowledging the invitation to be present here to-day, I took occasion, I am afraid in an officious way, to say that I should be very glad to answer any questions in regard to the early history of Falmouth, and this question came,—“How came the town to be named Falmouth?” and I’m humming and hawing. Is there any little girl or any little boy here who would like to answer the question? (Loud laughter and applause.)

A close-fisted young farmer took his wife to the dentist to have a tooth examined. After the dentist had examined it very carefully, he suggested that it might be filled and saved. The young farmer said : “How much will it cost?” “Well, I can’t tell exactly,” said the dentist ; “from \$2 to \$5.” “How much will it cost to have it pulled?” said the farmer. “Fifty cents.” It didn’t take the farmer a great while to decide. He said,—“Maria, I guess you had better have it pulled.” (Laughter.) Now, I have searched diligently and

long, hoping to find this missing link. I am satisfied it will cost too much to fill the cavity. You had better have it extracted and start again; try it once more, and I will go home and will fill the archives with accounts of your hospitality, your thrift, your energy, and the generous affection which I am assured pervades all your hearts for this good old town, and I promise you that the record shall be faithfully preserved. Then, when you come to repeat this occasion, 200 years hence, I shall be most happy to be present and produce the records. (Great laughter.) I must not take another moment of your time. I thank you.

THE PRESIDENT.

I am sure that all of us share my own feeling with regard to General Swift's address, the feeling which a guest at a fashionable hotel had when, on surveying a diminutive piece of steak which was brought to him by the waiter, he replied: "That is just the kind; now give me some." And so I offer as the next toast:—

The Orator of the Day. We have sometimes been called a slow town. To-day has redeemed us from this reproach, and shown that Falmouth has borne some Swift men of whom she may well be proud. (Laughter.)

RESPONSE OF GEN. JOHN L. SWIFT.

Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking (laughter and applause), you can understand how such a toast as that heard for the

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first time, would affect the modesty which I have in common with all Falmouth born men to the 33d degree (laughter). But it so happens that I had this toast sent to me about a week ago, and I have been able to brace up against its seductions (laughter). In the old slavery days, one of the personal chattels said to another: "Pompey, well, I didn't know till to-day that you was flogged last week." "You didn't," says Pompey; why, I knowed it at the time" (laughter),—and I knew this very complimentary toast about a week ago.

There has been a good deal of chaff, first and last, about Falmouth's being a slow town. Why, once, when somebody was told that I was from Falmouth; "Falmouth," said he, "is it possible; why, I stayed there once, a week, and I always thought of the story of the boy who owned a mud-turtle, in connection with it. They asked him if the mud-turtle was alive. "No," said he; it's as dead as Chelsea, but it sticks its head out once in a while and makes believe alive (laughter). Well, now, we'll have our revenge to-day on all those who talk about Falmouth's being a turtle or a tortoise; or, if it is, on this centennial day, it shall prove itself the classic tortoise that bears up the world (applause). I have a friend, and a very cordial one, who lived for many years in Falmouth, and was asked if she was coming to this celebration. She said no, she regretted very much that she could not come. "But," said she, "I want to, because I would like once to see Falmouth wake up" (laughter.) She would have been satisfied to-day. If she had listened to the 200 guns this morning, till they were all through, she would have found that this town was pretty thoroughly waked up by the noise of the cannon. That battery of Major Follett's,—I don't know whether I

have got his title high enough ; he ought to be a general,—is somewhat famous. It has thundered its music at peace jubilees and fourth days of July and many a centennial, but never, since it thundered in war for the old flag, has it done better work than to celebrate this fair daughter of Cape Cod (applause). I was here some seven years ago, with Ex-Gov. Long, to address our fellow-citizens in the Town Hall, that then existed,—and oh ! how very quick these governors become ex's (laughter). We get attached to them, our hearts warm up to them, we feel as though they were blood relations, and then they become ex's (laughter)—and that is the reason I never would permit myself to run for governor (continued laughter and applause, in which Gov. Robinson heartily joined). Oh ! I ain't through with you, Governor. Gov. Long made one of the most exquisite and charming addresses, that evening, to which I have ever listened before this afternoon. I had been campaigning with him all over the State for eight or ten days, and the moment we would get through, there would be a grand burst of ex-senators and ex-representatives to take Gov. Long by the hand. He knew them, every one. He knew who had presided at all the meetings that he had ever addressed, and great receptions he would have,—and I standing out there in the cold, forgotten and unknown. Well, we got here to the town of Falmouth, and the governor not only had an American eagle, but he had a condor of the Andes multiplied by the eagle. He was so eloquent that evening. By and by I was permitted to make a few feeble remarks (laughter). But when I got through my speech there was a dead break for me (laughter) ; why, they helped men on the stage there that I had supposed had been dead for half a century, one that had

taught my father when he was a boy, and that was seventy-five years before, and relatives came, and I had a reception. There stood my friend Ex-Governor Long, a wall-flower on that occasion (laughter). By and by he came up and tapped me on the shoulder, and said: "Swift, this has gone on long enough (laughter). I feel like an orphan up here" (renewed laughter).

We have with us to-day a governor who will never feel like an orphan in Falmouth (loud applause). Why, he is kith and kin to every one of us, either on the Robinson side or the Davis. I never knew of a man so coupled on as he is here (laughter). Oh! I know now where he got his wonderful flow of language, and I will tell you, sir, this is the place of all the places that I was ever at, or ever heard of, for an audience (laughter).

Now, my friends, I have one thing more, and only one thing more to say. In looking up the records, I found I had to omit a Great deal that I was not certain about. I should like to tell you some of the instances. I will, if there is time. I will tell you one, what I considered the most astonishing coincidence that ever occurred to me. In the year 1872, I was—I think I must have been an offensive partisan that year,—for I was away off in the State of New York, and I was present to address a meeting in Penn Yan. I got in that town at 8 o'clock in the morning, and there right before me, on the register of the hotel, was this signature:—

"Gen. John L. Swift, U. S. Army."

I registered my name simply, and I sat down. No one came near me. I saw the handbills all over the city announcing that General John L. Swift of Boston would address that meeting in the even-

ing. About 2 o'clock that day I said to the landlord: "Is there a meeting here this evening?" "Oh! yes," said he; "the general came about 7 this morning, and he has gone down to see his friends, and will be back about 6." "Well," said I; "there will be two of us, then." "What!" said he. "I saw that name of yours right down below his, and I thought you must be a drummer and fooling; are you the man?" "I was sent here for that business." Out he went, and pretty soon the postmaster and committee of arrangements came and apologized and said there was a row-boat and fishing, if I liked I could row or fish a little. "Ah!" said I, "that will satisfy me and make it all right. I came from a fishing country." And so we had a little fishing. At supper time the landlord brought up a magnificent looking man, six feet and more high, venerable and with a brusque manner. And said the landlord, "General Swift, permit me to introduce to you General Swift." "Well," said this man, "where are you from?" "From Massachusetts," said I. "So am I." "Barnstable county," said I. "That's my county," said he; "what town?" "Falmouth." "Well," said he; "I was born in Falmouth. What part of Falmouth?" We were not born in the same part of Falmouth, but we were born in the same town. There we were, for the first time, with exactly the identical name—John L. Swift—I believe his name was John Lewis, that is the difference and all there was—meeting there at that time, and we have never seen each other from that that day to this. But I told my friend Mr. Nye, that there was a live gentlemen up there somewhere that ought to be at this celebration, and so he set to work corresponding, and he and I have been at it to find that other John L. Swift. We have ransacked the Adjutant-

General's office, State and Nation, and have sought in every possible way that we could to get hold of that man, and yesterday I received, through the old hotel-keeper out there, news as to just where he is, too late for this occasion.

But, sir, as you have said, the representatives of this town, those that drew their life from this life-giving spot, are everywhere, and, as George Bancroft says, a colony is of much more consequence to this world than a victory, and Falmouth is a colonist raiser.

There is one other thing I want to say, in the way of omission. I noticed that, while there are five Congregational churches in this vicinity, four Methodist, an Episcopal, a Catholic church, and a Quaker church, there were no Baptists, and I wondered why that could be, because they are an enterprising fraternity,—they are pretty lively people. Looking up the records, I found that there was a Baptist scout here, away in the latter part of 1700, ahead of the Methodists, and I thought it over, and came to the conclusion that, when that good Baptist brother got down here, and found that there were nine miles of coast baptized by the billows of the Atlantic, and forty inland ponds, the place was pretty well watered, and he would let it go on sprinkling (loud applause).

And now, my friends, I'll not tax your patience any longer (cries of "Go on"). As George Bancroft says, a colony indeed, in the eye of truth and reason, is of far more consequence than any army with its victories. It is to celebrate a colony established 200 years ago, that from that time to this has been the nursery of colonists that have gone out from among you to plant pure homes and free institutions, that you are here, your Excellency and the Lieu-

tenant-Governor, with your military family, sundering the ties that bind you to that legislature that, according to all appearances, is to remain in session till the next bi-centennial (laughter). It is to commemorate this colony-maker, this beautiful town of Falmouth, that your artillery has thundered, that your public and distinguished men have come here to-day to see us, that we, Falmouth born, have come to revisit scenes and friends never to be blotted out from our memories, or from our regard and esteem; and so have we all come to Falmouth to commemorate and to venerate this honorable township. But there are many—ah, how many—that, because of great distance, or from lack of health or strength, are not able to be with us to-day, and all through the hours of this day they turn their hearts here and say, “I wonder what they are doing now in old Falmouth, God bless her.” I give you, my townsmen and people, this sentiment in conclusion: The absent ones, not here with us, never forgotten by us, God bless them (loud applause).

THE PRESIDENT.

The next toast that the committee have given me, is:—

The sweet singer of Falmouth; we all know who that is,—Mrs. Frances E. Swift. She cannot be with us here to-day, but has sent some verses, which will be read by Mr. Holton.

THE BIRTHDAY OF A TOWN.

In honor of an olden day,
In rosebud time of June,
I sing a little vesper lay—
The robins set the tune.

Of this fair town whose birthday bells
Ring out with joy and pride;
Its villages like pearly shells
Flung outward by the tide.

It calls its sons from east and west,
And who hath power to say
That from the regions of the blest
No soul is here to-day?

Its woods and uplands bathed in sheen,
Its ponds where lilies grow,
As bright and beautiful were seen
Two hundred years ago,

As when the stars together sang,
And Earth a young bride stood,
While all the heavenly arches rang,
The works of God are good.

O Past! in some fair vision show
Through mists of many years,
Our builders in the long ago,
Our sturdy pioneers.

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TOWN OF FALMOUTH.

The hearth-fire lights a profile sweet
The low, flag-bottomed chair;
The flax wheel turns while busy feet
Upon the treadle bear.

The flames leap up the chimney wide,
And show the rafters hung
With peppers red, and pumpkins dried,
By patient fingers strung.

Upon the crane the kettle sings
Above the fire-dogs bright;
The latch-string stirs, the good man brings
In pine knots for the night.

The Bible finds an honored place
Upon the little stand,
But here a mist falls to efface
The ancient picture bland.

.

In Succonnesset, by the mere,
Arose the wigwam's smoke.
The red man chased the bounding deer,
Nor felt the white man's yoke.

The log canoe skimmed o'er the sound,
The council fires aglow
Lighted grave faces all around,
Two hundred years ago.

And then a change: a little seed
Was sown in virgin soil,
Took root, and grew; the time had need,
For God's plan nought could foil.

A son of Leyden pathway broke,
And others I could sing;
A stone's-throw from the chimney smoke
The white gull dip't his wing.

The summers bring us roses still,
From bush they set to grow,
And blossom by the window-sill,
And crimson petals show.

On raft of leaves the lilies yet,
Safe anchored down below,
The nectar of the morning set
In starry cups of snow.

And here, anear the rushes born,
Another *Moses grew.

In mother-eyes he saw the morn
When this old town was new.

Though for their Isle across the main,
Fell no regretful tear,
They changed the name of this domain
For English Falmouth dear.

They dreamed of skylarks on the wing,
Of hedgerows all ablow;

* Moses Hatch, born near Fresh pond—the first white child in Falmouth.

And woke to hear the salt waves sing
With rhythmic ebb and flow.

.

Ere long the people multiplied;
Led hither by the hand
That held the cup, so deep and wide,
Of blessings to the land.

And they were men of honest lives,
No golden wrong could lure;
The counterpart of loving wives,
And daughters good and pure.

The names of sires we venerate,
To children's children dear;
Descending, oft with look and trait,
Are still familiar here.

We reap their harvest unawares,
The fruits they toiled to grow,
And ask for virtues that were theirs
Two hundred years ago.

THE PRESIDENT.

I propose "Our representative in Congress." We have received a letter from Dr. Davis, but as we are hurried for time, I must not stop to read that. Our ex-representative is here, Hon. W. W. Crapo. We shall be pleased to hear from him (applause).

RESPONSE OF HON. W. W. CRAPO.

I regret, as you do, the absence of our distinguished fellow-citizen, the accomplished member of Congress from this district. His letter doubtless explains his absence. Had our ancestors, the early settlers of Falmouth, supposed that the National Congress would have competed with the legislature of Massachusetts in the extreme length of its sessions, they would doubtless have selected some day in a month later than June for the birthday of the town. I accept the position of substitute, which takes me for a moment from the retired list and places me on active duty.

You pay honors to-day to the early founders of Falmouth. They are entitled to your admiring remembrance. They deserve the warm tributes and the generous praise which your orator, with rare eloquence, has spoken concerning them. They were hardy men, who, with robust vigor, subdued the wild and rugged soil, and made it yield to their sustenance. They were brave men, who, with conquering valor, faced hostile men and beasts, and accepted uncomplainingly the privations and the distresses of an isolated life. They were determined men, who, with resolute and heroic purposes, contended for the right, and with unflinching firmness stood by their high resolves. They had vigor of muscle, vigor of mind, vigor of will,—and they were self-reliant, for they early acquired the habit of thinking and governing for themselves. They had, it is true, human limitations, and if they were rigid, uncompromising, and tyrannical in their opinions, they were inflexible in integrity. If they were plain and uncouth, yet they rose above the ordinary level, in that they labored

for the welfare of a continent, and believed that they were lighting a pathway for the future centuries. We admire their strength, hardihood and vigor, the intensity and the integrity of their opinions. They were not cradled amid lawns and lilies, but among the rocks and breakers. These earnest-hearted souls, Godly men, planted and watered, and we enjoy the harvest. From feeble beginnings this great republic has been evolved in 250 years by the courage, thrift and enterprise of our fathers, by their fidelity to great principles, and by their patient obedience in the discharge of the ordinary duties of life.

What the next century shall be depends upon us. But we need not look to the next century. There are questions to be settled in the present. There are dangers to be avoided, and duties to be performed, even now. Our fathers contended with the rude, harsh forces of nature. They subdued the wilderness, and bequeathed to us the heritage of a fair land, capable of the highest culture and the most abundant harvest. With us, there is the rattle of mills, the sound of hammers, and the growth of densely populated cities. Our fathers stood upon the same level in wealth and station. There was a homestead for every one. Now, there are vast inequalities between man and man, enormous wealth and extreme poverty. Our fathers were one homogeneous stock of country blood, moved by the same sentiments, the same motives, the same aspirations, and relying upon the same methods. Now, we have to meet with alien ideas and alien influences, which have come to us with the human flood which, from every quarter of the globe, has rolled in upon our shores. The anarchist, the nihilist, the communist, may not disturb the peaceful

the same methods. Now, we have to meet with alien ideas and alien influences, which have come to us with the human flood which, from every quarter of the globe, has rolled in upon our shores. The anarchist, the nihilist, the communist, may not disturb the peaceful serenity of rural Falmouth, and yet you hear, how often, of strife, of riot, of boycotts and of dynamite.

What has thrown the times so out of joint? What has brought about this discord? The grasping selfishness of a few on the one side, and the headstrong recklessness and unreasoning ignorance of a few on the other side. The great mass of working men and the great mass of employers are sensible, fair-minded and just, neither seeking nor willing the one to wrong the other. And yet, during the last few months, we see industry motionless, business prostrate and helpless, because labor is angry and capital is sullen. There have been outbreaks which put in peril the good order and the safety of the community, and, when seeking the cause of this turbulence, we are told that there is an antagonism between capital and labor, and that these two forces, like good and evil, are contending with each other for the mastery. I will not tire you with a discussion of this question. I refer to it simply as an issue in the present, the solution of which rests with the American people. America, beyond every nation on earth, has placed its welfare in the hands of the men who toil. There must be no antagonism. Capital and labor are but pulling oars in the same boat. They must pull together, they must keep stroke, or there can be no progress. Pulling in opposite directions simply means disaster. There are adverse tides which business is powerless to control. When times are hard and profits are poor, wages will be low. When profits are

large, labor is in larger demand and wages command its advance. Unless capital and labor pull together heartily, willingly, each with self-denial striving to do its part in stemming the adverse currents, then capital becomes bankrupt and labor becomes hungry. In the solution of this question, and in its proper treatment, depends not only the prosperity of the republic, but the welfare of the race. The responsibility rests on us. The standard of civilization has been placed in our hands. Our duty is not only to keep it to the front, but to keep it advancing.

The example of our fathers, so eloquently portrayed to us to-day, permeates us. We breathe the same pure air our fathers did. The same clear sky is over us. The strong, free breezes from the great salt sea come to us as they did to them. If we observe their singleness of purpose, their abhorrence of shams, their fidelity to justice,—if we maintain their bold and rugged independence of thought and action, we shall share with them in the glory and renown (applause).

THE PRESIDENT.

There are other toasts which were on the list, but, owing to lack of time, we must omit many of them and come to the last :—

The Christian religion : the basis of American institutions. While principles abide forever unchangeable, and no community can rightfully be disloyal to the vital facts of its history ; it is a gladdening sign of the progress of the age, that the rancor of the old disputes has

given place to Christian charity, and that the hands which 200 years ago would have been clinched in deadly conflict can now be clasped in friendly greeting and sincere good-will. The Rev. Father Bodfish (applause) :

RESPONSE OF REV. J. P. BODFISH.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—

I did not know that I was to speak on this subject—as my friend General Swift did. As my time is limited, I will only express the pleasure it gives me to-day to visit this beautiful town of Falmouth, and behold the place where I was born, to see the old academy where I studied, to see the ponds and shores where I fished, and I even remember the thrill with which I caught my first herring in yonder creek. But after all that has been said, and so well said, we may well sum up in the sentiment which is expressed here—“The Christian religion : the basis of American institutions.” Since I left this town I have travelled in many climes, but wherever I have been, I have always been proud of my birthplace and of my ancestry, for Falmouth has been eminently a town which has been faithful to the Christian religion. I remember in my early days the old church, which stood on yonder green. I remember the square, family pews and the three-storied pulpit. I even remember now how my neck ached as a boy, looking up at good old Dr. Hooker as he preached those lengthy sermons, and, although we may have changed our theological views, we

have never changed our respect for that good and holy, God-fearing man. It has been such men as he who have adorned this pulpit of the First church in Falmouth, who have made the people of Falmouth what they are and have been,—a God-fearing people,—and it is people of this kind whom we must rely upon as defenders of our American institutions.

The last speaker has sketched out to you in a graphic way some of the questions which agitate us at the present time. The United States is not governed as Falmouth and other towns were governed when all were under the sway of religion and all united in following its teachings. Now we have many diverse elements. And now what is to secure to us peace and prosperity? I say it is nothing but the spirit of the Christian religion, and we have cause to thank God that our ancestors formed here, as I believe ever to abide, a Christian State. We know what the Puritans thought about the State and the government, that it was to be administered according to the law of God. They did not scruple to help the Christian religion. They even ordained, if there was no church, that the State should build one. You know they took the matter of education into their own hands, and so, as you all know to-day in this town, the children were instructed in the Christian religion. They thought the State was a Christian institution, and the principles of the Christian religion were the basis of all our political institutions. And it is happy for us that the constitution of this State is one which recognizes the Christian religion. It has made this a great Commonwealth, and so the government of the other States, and even the constitution of the general government, recognizes the Christian idea, the Christian religion, and

it will be a sorry day for us when that idea is forgotten, for, as Washington told us, morality and religion are the only true and sure basis of our American institutions. Therefore, as we think of our forefathers to-day, and remember their noble deeds, we should cherish this principle which they have given to us, which is expressed in this toast, that our religion, the Christian religion, is the basis of our American institutions. If they become atheistic, if they become materialistic, if they become communistic, then the foundation is laid for anarchy. What do I mean when I say that religion is the basis of our American institutions? It is simply this, that we recognize that power comes from God, that it is given to the people, that the people by their votes choose their rulers, and when a ruler is once chosen he rules by power which comes from God, therefore he must be respected, therefore rebellion and anarchy is a sin, and obedience to the law is a Christian virtue. Now, these are fundamental principles which are and must be maintained if we would preserve our institutions.

As we think over the glorious deeds of our ancestors, we must realize that it has been these Christian principles which made them what they were. They had their eccentricities. We may not go to the lengths that they went. We would not to-day punish Roger Williams if he was here in our midst, nor would we persecute the Quakers, or hang the Salem witches, or anything of that kind. We have learned a broader and a larger charity, and let it be a true Christian charity; do not let it come from indifference. Some persons tolerate one religion and say one is as good as another, and all from a species of indifference. They don't care about any. But let the charity

which promises toleration and freedom of conscience to every one be a real and true Christian charity, and not an indifference to all religion. Let it come from those true principles which our forefathers have given to us as our richest legacy, and then, as has been so well expressed, we can all join hands with mutual and sincere good-will and labor together, rich and poor, labor and capital, high and low, to preserve these institutions which our fathers have left to us untarnished (loud applause).

THE PRESIDENT.

It is well known that corporations have no souls, and the Old Colony railroad will not wait for us to sing "Home, Sweet Home"; but these exercises must close now.

The procession then reformed and escorted the governor and other guests to the depot.

In the evening an open-air concert was given on the Green by the Middleboro Band, which was followed by a grand display of fire-works.

The evening closed with a ball in the Town Hall.

P O E M

Written for the Bi-centennial of the town of Falmouth, June 15, 1886, by

SAMUEL C. LAWRENCE,

a graduate of the Falmouth High School, class of '84.

My friends of Falmouth, gathered here to-day,
In opening it is meet that I should say
That 'tis with doubt and hesitating fear
That I as poet in this throng appear.
But why on me the powers this task bestow?
Now from my lines the reason you shall know:
Your poet, (for alas! thus fame accenses,)
Charmed by their song, does court the sweet-tongued muses,
And for this cause this honored place he fills—
To sing the glory of his native hills.
Dear Falmouth, thou to whom our hearts belong,
Accept the tribute of this humble song,—
Not the majestic lines of polished art,
But the outpouring of a loving heart.
Gladly does Nature's lavish hand adorn
Our native village on its birthday morn.
The blooming earth in emerald robes is decked,
Her blushing bosom is with roses flecked;
The woodland songsters, singing loud and free,
Fill every grove with sounds of jubilee!
Thus does our town, amid these scenes so dear,
Wake on the morn of its two hundredth year.
Two hundred years! What changes have been told,
While o'er this land these fleeting years have rolled!

But, as I speak, the present and its care
Seem to have fled and vanished in the air!
I see, where now your happy dwellings stand,
A gloomy forest rise on every hand!
Where now a mansion opes its doors for you,
The Indian wigwam rises to my view!
There, where the church uprears its lofty spire,
Gleam the bright embers of the council fire!
And now the forest deep, the hills and dells,
Ring and re-echo with the warriors' yells!

This vision passes; and before my eyes
Another scene appears to slowly rise:
And now I seem to see a sturdy band
Of pioneers, who, true in heart and hand,
Have hither fled that in these wilds may be
A refuge safe from power of tyranny.
These are the founders of our native town;
No sculptured marble tells their just renown;
Their fame lies not in marble wrought by art,
But lives forever in each loyal heart!
Now to their labors turn these sons of toil,—
Some fell the trees, some turn the virgin soil,
Until, where once the tangled forest stood,
Now smile the dwellings of the brave and good.
High o'er their roofs upon the breeze unrolled,
The blood-red flag of England I behold.

Again the picture turns; and now a cloud
Of war broods o'er the land; and deep and loud

The volleyed thunder and the deafening roar
Of battle now is heard. Upon this shore
War's desolating hand is laid;
Nor, Falmouth, shall thy glory fade,
Which to thyself thy valiant deeds did bring,
While there are hearts to love or tongues to sing!
Off from the harbor at the close of day,
The British ship Retaliation lay.
Proudly her banner waved upon the breeze,—
Thy flag, O England, mistress of the seas!
We know the story: how that valiant band
Mid tears and prayers pushed outward from the land;
How their companions waited on the shore
In deep suspense till hours of night were o'er,
Until at dawn the captured ship they spy,
At whose masthead the stars and stripes do fly!
Such were thy deeds, O Falmouth, but we turn
From scenes of strife, and gladly would we learn
How lived our ancient sires, and in what way
They passed the simple life of every day.
Oft have been told, in prose as well as rhyme,
The joys and virtues of that olden time.
In early days no mighty wealth was known;
Each son of toil his plot of ground did own,
And here he dwelt contented with his lot,—
Unused to riches, he desired them not.
At early dawn forth from his couch he sprang;
And as he labored, happily he sang,
And sowed his seed or turned the fruitful sod,

Content with self, with fellow-man, with God.
And while he toiled his daughter did not feel
Too proud to turn the humble spinning-wheel,
But to her task she turns with easy grace,—
No bangs obscure the beauty of her face.
Or at the loom she toils; and, as she flings
The shuttle through the web, she blithely sings.
Such pleasure took they in their daily care;
Well pleased were they to freely breathe God's air
Without ambition for great wealth and power,
Content with blessings of the present hour.

But times have changed. My friends, to-day we stand
With power and wealth displayed on every hand.
The manner of our life is not the same;
Other ambitions now our hearts inflame!
But, as we struggle, let us not ignore
The debt we owe to those who've gone before.
Remember the present is a link of gold
Between the future and the days of old.
Around us, as in joy we gather here,
The spirits of the past are hovering near;
Their eyes are on us. May we worthy be,
O Falmouth, to be called the sons of thee!
And be thou e'er the refuge of the brave,
As long as o'er thee freedom's flag shall wave!

The following toasts and responses had been prepared, but were omitted for lack of time :—

An early pioneer in the railroad express business,—A. D. Hatch, Esq.

The following are the remarks prepared by A. D. Hatch, Esq., of New Bedford, to have been given in response to the above toast, if there had been time :—

Friends, you may remember that Cowper has said, in one of his hymns, that

“ God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

We find ourselves here in this world, the great battlefield of life ; we are here in 1886, celebrating the Bi-centennial of this ancient town ; we are here in the beautiful month of June, the month of roses, in which nature has dressed herself in living colors. I can speak to you in love and admiration, in this my native town, only very briefly. We have been and are partners in joy and in sorrow, in trials and in success. We cannot but raise our voices in hymns of praise to Almighty God that we live to see this day, and on this occasion we may look to the past, the present, and the future.

I learn that in the year 1662, or near that time, Mrs. Jonathan Hatch gave birth to the first white child born in this town, and his name was Moses. Whether he was born on a bed of bulrushes, or under a boat, I cannot inform you, as I was not present on that interesting occasion,—yet I claim to be a direct lineal descendant from the family of Jonathan Hatch, whose blood has coursed through the veins of generations of his numerous descendants.

The fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, of other names, who lived in those times, although struggling with hardship and adversity, served God and kept his commandments. They enjoyed faith, works, morality and religion ; they did not hold Christ off at arm's length, doubting his assurance of life ; they believed they were to be saved by the love of God through Jesus Christ. The purity of their lives and the excellence of their character should and does command our admiration. They have all long since passed away from this earth, and the leaves of many autumns and the snows of many winters have fallen gently upon their graves. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them, and I have faith to believe that at this very hour their spirits are basking in the sunshine of God's eternal day.

Well, my friends, may we have thankful hearts that we live to see the progress and enjoy the prosperity of our town, which has produced its full share of men and women distinguished for intelligence and industry. No town on the New England coast has more pleasant surroundings than you have. The beautiful range of hills that overlook the waters of your bay, reflects the last rays of the setting sun as it sinks below the western horizon. You have for your comfort and convenience one of the best managed railroads in the old Bay State. You have steamboats, telegraph, and a telephone managed by the Moses Hatch of the present. And I believe you will join with me in hoping and trusting in God that, long after the green turf shall have grown over our graves, the work of progress, intelligence, industry, and enterprise may be continued and upheld by our children and

our children's children to the end of time. I close with this sentiment :—

The present fathers and mothers of Falmouth—May the manly qualities of their fathers, and the Christian virtues of their mothers, descend to their sons and their daughters through coming generations.

Cape Cod, the good right arm of Massachusetts—Despite her sandy soil, exporting her best of all products,—noble sons and daughters.

RESPONSE OF HON. CHAS. F. SWIFT OF YARMOUTH.

MR. PRESIDENT :—

I thank you for the opportunity of meeting with my fellow-townsmen around the family hearthstone to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the municipal existence of the town. Especially pleasant is it to those of us who, when boys, went forth to other scenes and duties, to recall the familiar places and personages connected with those by-gone times ; the localities of our youthful sports ; the sites of the old school-houses ; of that academy, bearing now an honored Falmouth name, where some of us acquired our little stock of classical lore—

——“ the school-boy spot

We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot.”

You bid me, however, speak for a larger constituency than the town; for those worthies whom Cape Cod has contributed to the stock of great names and great examples. Would that time and my own powers of expression would enable me to do full justice to the grateful task—for the subject is one filled with both inspiration and cheer. From the earliest portion of the colonial period to these halcyon days of the republic's existence, the men who have been trained and sent forth from the Cape, have been among the first in council, in deliberation, in command. In the old Indian and French wars their valor and skill were conspicuous. A Cape Indian was the first to enter the grand battery at Louisburg, the strongest fortress in America, in the war of 1744-8, the capture of this stronghold putting an end to the conflict.

The eloquence of that gifted son of Barnstable, James Otis, Junior, against the Writs of Assistance, led John Adams to exclaim, "then and there was Independence born!" His father, Col. James Otis,—a less eloquent, but an equally eminent and patriotic citizen—was the senior member of the Council when Hutchinson was driven from power, and for many months, by reason of his position, exercised, with the highest wisdom and sagacity, the great powers of chief executive magistrate of the State during that transcendently important crisis in our history. As great in action, as was the younger Otis in expression and exposition, was another Revolutionary character from the good old Cape Cod stock—Isaac Sears, the patriot of New York—whose vigilance detected the secret machinations of the royal emissaries in that city, and whose magnetic leadership and contagious patriotism inspired the people to successful resistance.

In the history of American jurisprudence, where shall we find a better example of wisdom, learning, and the mastery of great legal principles, than were combined in that other son of the Cape, Judge Lemuel Shaw?

The orator of the day has spoken in fitting terms of eulogy of one of Falmouth's sons, Samuel Lewis,—the Horace Mann of Ohio—whose labors as the first Superintendent of Public Instruction of that great Commonwealth, are bearing fruit in the able men whom she has given to the nation—the best “Ohio idea” being, to provide for the education of all classes of her people—and thus, though dead, the works of this son of yours speak to this and succeeding generations.

The recital would still be incomplete without mention of the merchant princes and trained business men whom the Cape has sent forth to the marts of trade and commerce—the Sturgises, the Searses, the Brookses, the Swifts, the Hallets, and a host of others, whose honor and probity have been as conspicuous as their enterprise and success. Nor should we forget, in this connection, to speak of her intrepid mariners, who have carried the flag of the Union to every clime and every shore, whose keels have vexed every sea, who have grappled with the leviathan of the ocean in his native element, and brought to our doors the treasures of the Indies and the East.

I speak of these things, Mr. President, not in a spirit of boasting and vain-glory, but because the full understanding of them is essential to properly estimate the character of the founders of the Cape, and because these men and their achievements were the fruitage of the

moral, political and social institutions which they established, and their successors perpetuated, "on these borders of the sea."

Our Wanderers—The sons and daughters of Falmouth who have wandered from the home, but ever loyal to their native soil, return to-day to celebrate with us the birthday of the town.

RESPONSE BY REV. E. D. HALL, PASTOR OF ST. PAUL'S
M. E. CHURCH, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

MR. PRESIDENT, SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF FALMOUTH—:

We meet in this place of historic and personal interest, some of us coming from a distance, after long separation. We gather here not because this is a place of imperial power adorned with palaces as the capital of State, but because to us this is the one best place in all the earth. Here reposes the dust of our fathers and mothers, an honored ancestry, who gave birth to the civilization and influence which has had much to do in making us what we are and shall be.

The Moslem does not seek the tomb of Mohammed, nor the Hindoo the shrine of his saint from the sheer blindness of superstition, but from an instinctive and passionate devotion to the past, memorized by history.

Instinctively as well as intelligently we come to celebrate the might, intelligence, and strength of honored sires, amid the scenes and on the grounds they cultivated, where they walked and talked, and under the shadow of the hills and trees where they lived, to us their dwelling place is sacred by antiquity, the destruction of every tree, the changing of every watercourse, the removal of the houses in which they lived, and tombs in which they sleep, though made by the arm of improvement, does violence to our sacred affection, and memory dwells with strong affection within the precincts of this grand old town. It enters even the waste places and moss-covered habitations which time has effaced, and calls back those who once lived, but long since have departed. We meet as members of the same brotherhood and family to recount familiar histories, renew old associations, form new acquaintances; our hearts are stirred, and the love of home revived; appropriately the town is decorated with the red, white and blue, and the fairest and the best of everything is put forth to memorize the day of its nativity.

On these heavily-laden tables no historic "fatted calf" greets us as returning wanderers, and, forsooth, we are not prodigals, driven by penury and husks back to seek a living with our elder brothers, who at home are living sumptuously, as indicated by this grand reception.

The fortunes which we bore from our native town were the principles of virtue and integrity as taught by our common ancestry, and these have sustained us and successfully aided us to cope with difficulty and triumph in the warfare of faith, thought and opinion.

These returning daughters, endowed with the same principles, were induced by Cupid's devices to wander into other towns and

embellish other society and grace other homes ; but they come with joy to-day to celebrate this occasion, bringing their children with them.

Some of us have been out on the ocean, battling with its waves, seeking its treasures, or binding nations together in the bonds of commerce. Some have been practicing the mechanical arts amid the noise of machinery and the clamor of business, the selling of merchandise, and tilling of the soil. Some have been disciplining the mind teaching in schools ; others, in professional life, have been solving the mysteries of medical and theological science, moulding mind and heart, forming character which is influencing national and eternal destiny.

As returning ones, we now stand in the presence of our friends, and on our native soil. Memory gives a magic touch to the heart and clothes the scene with the hue of grandeur, and the friends of home looked just as when we left them, only with forms more noble, and faces brighter ; these old familiar fields look greener, the streams murmur louder, and the whole town, out in her best, is better-looking than ever ; and there stands Lawrence Academy to memorize the scenes of other years, of school days "by-gone," as if to welcome all its wanderers on their return ; while the *old* Town Hall serves its purpose now in bringing back the March-meeting days, which in enthusiasm were equal to the Fourth of July. It was there that our fathers and brothers, with wisdom and eloquence, fought the battles which sustained the interest and safety of the township, involving questions of importance, such as taxation, or, perchance, a discussion

would arise upon the herring fishery, or the bounty on crows or foxes, electrifying the assembly.

Those were halcyon days to us boys,—our wants were limited to the amount of possession. We went to March meeting in the morning with fifteen or twenty-five cents in hand, purchased our dinner and other condiments, at the various out-of-door restaurants, and carried some change home at night to put in the savings-bank.

Since then, some of the landmarks have gone, and many voices are hushed to sleep, and your spirit of enterprise has erected a noble and ornamental structure in which to hold your councils; it is an adornment to the town and a credit to this generation. Sacred are the memories of our Falmouth home, and gladly would we linger here, or come and celebrate another occasion like this, but such are the conditions of human life, that we must separate and leave to others this inspiring privilege “a hundred years to come,” while, in our remaining pilgrimage, may we find the better country, which has possessions to make us all rich; mansions, to give us all a home; comforts, to supply all our wants. It is the Wanderer’s Home, where friends await us all with a welcome, and the Divine Friend has provided for us all a glorious reception.

The men of the sea—The icebergs of the North and the currents of the Southern seas know them, and we, too, know them, a company of brave, large-souled men, to whom the town is greatly indebted for its prosperity.

RESPONSE OF CAPT. THOMAS H. LAWRENCE.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—

It has been said that “brevity is the soul of wit.” If that be so, my response to this sentiment on behalf of the men of the sea of this good old town, will be little else but wit, for I propose to be *very brief*.

The men of the sea of Falmouth (by whom I include both the present and the absent) are not known for their words, but for their deeds. They believe in the good old Scripture lesson (forever new) that “by their fruits ye shall know them.” If they have borne no fruit, they have been but cumberers of the ground. Let us see, Mr. President, what are some of the fruits they have borne in the past.

They have had absolute control of millions of other people’s property, without one single breach of trust. *Can there be better fruit?*

They have added millions to the wealth of the State and nation. They have added hundreds of thousands to the wealth of their native town, in all parts of which may be seen monuments of their enterprise and thrift, and they have redeemed the estates of their fathers to a greater extent than any other class.

They have trained up and disciplined a body of men second to none in the world, to do efficient service on our merchant marine and in our navy. They have reclaimed from lives of misery and crime hundreds of fugitives from justice,—thieves, burglars, forgers; in short, criminals of almost every hue, who have fled to the sea to escape the just punishment for their misdeeds, and by a long course

of strict discipline, coupled with prompt and unquestioned obedience, and the respect for superiors required on shipboard, they have been converted from outlaws to citizens, and thus made useful in their calling as mariners. The men of the sea of Falmouth have been eminent as producers, not transferring from one pocket to another that which has been already produced, but by screening salt water (so to speak), taking that which no man ever owned, they have contributed their full share to the world's wealth. As to the fruit they are now bearing as citizens of the town, State, and the United States, their work on the sea done, they are willing to be judged by others; but, Mr. President, as I am speaking on their behalf, I trust I shall not be considered egotistic when I assert that they are still bearing fruit. They are useful members of the communities in which they live, honest, temperate, and industrious.

In the support of churches and schools they are almost a unit. They are just, generous, and charitable.

In loyalty to the dear old flag, and in love of country, they are in the first rank. Patriotism is a part of their nature. They are lovers of peace and good order. They love good, honest government, and they vote always and everywhere for such men as His Excellency George D. Robinson.

As a class, they exert a healthy moral influence, and in all respects maintain characters that will not be a reproach to their posterity. They mean that the world shall be better for their having lived in it, and they desire that the rising generation will emulate their virtues *but shun* their vices.

Mr. President, on behalf of the men of the sea of Falmouth, I thank you for the honorable mention you have made of them.

The men of 1812—Worthy sons of worthy sires ; when danger threatened their town, they hastened to defend it.

In response to this toast, the veterans, quite a number of whom were seated upon the platform, were expected to rise.

The soldiers of 1861—Falmouth still finds her sons loyal to the principles imparted by the fathers, and history records their valor on many a battlefield, in defense of the Union.

RESPONSE OF MR. ELIJAH SWIFT OF EAU CLAIRE, WIS.

I thank you, Mr. President, for your courteous invitation to speak a word in response to this kind recognition of the Falmouth "boys in blue."

As the children of the town assemble, or come from the scattered homes of their pilgrimage, to the memorial feast of this ancient town, within the borders of the good Old Colony, it is not the accident of birth, merely, that brings to the partakers pleasurable pride and eager rejoicing. It is the fact of an honored past,—*worthy* of record as a stimulus to the present ; it is pride in a noble ancestry ; it is the desire to keep unforgotten our vital connection with those who did so well among their brethren in laying the foundations of the republic.

And who were those dozen men, who, with their wives and little ones, came coasting along the shores of yonder sound, over two hundred years ago, and pulled up their boats just below,—entering upon, what seemed to them, a goodly land?

Were they men of martial experience or training, fond of the pomp and circumstance of war? Nay—they were pre-eminently men of peace, seekers after tranquil repose, and for many years they lived upon the green plains of these shores, and among the bordering hills and woodlands, at peace,—Friend and Calvinist alike,—with the red men and with their countrymen of the neighboring colony.

Nevertheless, they had brought with them, and they carried along through generations, an innate spirit of personal liberty and governmental freedom, a spirit which had found utterance in the grand old constitution of England, but which in this new land drank in a deeper inspiration, and assumed forms to which the mother-land was a stranger.

This spirit was, too, one of self-sacrifice. It found expression amid the scenes of the Revolution,—in Colonel Dimmock's minute men, ready at a moment to strike in defense of the right, and to dare

on land or sea. It found expression during the war of 1812, in the ceaseless vigilance of these well-guarded coasts, in the daring attack upon the enemy's privateers, in Gunner Crocker's well-pointed four-pounders, which inspired the hostile barges with a salutary fear, and in many homes, too, where wives and mothers held midnight vigils for the husband or son away on perilous enterprise.

This spirit, thank God, has never died out, and when, in the hour of supreme peril, your sons, a quarter of a century ago, were called to defend, with their brethren, the endangered national life and our dearest liberties, what *could* they have done other than that they did? They were no adventurers; it was not they; it was the outgoing of *your* soul, of *your* life, *good old Falmouth!*

Stories told by mothers, the grandsire's recollections, the patriotic teaching of your schools sowed the seed, and when the kindling eye betrayed parental pride in giving the son, while the moistened cheek was showing parental solicitude, who that could go to the front,—the place of dangerous duty,—did not?

I think, comrades here present, that we may claim that we tried faithfully to do our duty and to be true to those principles taught in this goodly town.

And now, upon this memorial day, I must mention the name of one of Falmouth's sons in the late war; not by way of comparison, but as a type of Falmouth men.

While on special service, I chanced to meet him being borne to the rear, and had the privilege, in some slight degree, of ministering to his necessities. Quiet and timid by nature, and weakened by disease, yet fired with a proud determination to do his full duty, he had

persistently pressed to the front when urged to remain behind for recovering of health, but at last perforce he fell out by the way. His soul gazed wistfully out of full-orbed, lustrous eyes as he recognized the fact that he could do no more for his country.

The remains of Horace E. Lewis now rest in a soldier's grave on the shores of the Gulf, and his pure spirit has gone to God who gave it.

And thus, fellow-townsmen, may it ever be. May the spirit of the fathers and noble mothers of this town be *never* lost, and the memories of those who "builded better than they knew" flourish in perennial verdure !

The past ministers of Falmouth—With fidelity and diligence they delivered their message of Divine truth, and they led their flock on the way to heaven.

RESPONSE BY REV. H. K. CRAIG.

Falmouth has reason to cherish with affection and reverence the memory of its ministry in the past. The foundations of the town were laid in Christian principles, and a vital element in its history down to the present time has been a regard for religious institutions. The early records, both of the town and the churches, are incomplete,

and there are some names of those that have done pastoral service here that are names merely, and suggest no distinct personality ; but we are certainly warranted in saying that, as a class, the ministers of Falmouth have been men of strong convictions and finished scholarship, and especially of warm earnestness and devotion to practical work. The three denominations—the Congregational, the Methodist, and the Episcopal—which have established churches within the limits of the town, have each been represented by men of great respectability, and I do not recall the name of any minister in the years gone by of whom the town has cause to be ashamed. A word in response to the sentiment may not be out of place from me, having reference to some of those who have done pastoral duty in the original church of the town, now known as the First Congregational church. The Rev. Samuel Palmer was ordained over this church in April, 1731, and held the office until his death, in 1775, this pastorate of forty-four years being the longest in the history of the town. Judging from the church record, which furnishes about the only material, so far as I know, for forming acquaintance with the man, we should say that it was a faithful and fruitful ministry. Evidently great attention was paid to church discipline, and members kept a careful watch upon each others' conduct. Every little while there occurs some entry similar to the following :—"March 14, 1745. At a church meeting an information of Brother Joseph Childs against Brother Hatch Rowley was considered, wherein complaint was made that Brother Hatch Rowley, some time in the winter, when he and others were catching bass, appeared to have drank more strong drink than was convenient, and that in a matter relating to fishing he had trespassed upon the law of truth,

and it appeared, according to the evidence, that Brother Rowley was so far guilty as to have given offense, and accordingly was suspended from the communion in special ordinances until satisfaction shall be given." To show that the church at that time was not altogether lacking in charity, it may be mentioned that a few weeks later, different representations being made in the defence, this vote of suspension was rescinded, and Brother Rowley was restored to good standing. Henry Lincoln was ordained in January, 1790, and continued in office until 1823. Mr. Lincoln was a man of cultivated intellect and refined character and manners. The whole town was his parish. He was gifted in speech, and words flowed smoothly from his tongue. He exercised a large influence, not only among his own people, but in all the surrounding neighborhood. He was a well-read theologian. In the year 1816 the church adopted a confession of faith, consisting of twenty-four articles, composed of the strongest kind of theological meat. The last three years of Mr. Lincoln's ministry were unhappily clouded with dissension resulting from difficulties within the church; but the council which dismissed him, in 1823, bore strong testimony to his piety and fidelity, and it cannot be doubted that his was, on the whole, a useful and honorable ministry. He was followed by Benjamin Woodbury, who was ordained in June, 1824. Mr. Woodbury's pastorate covered nine years. There are elderly persons who remember the man distinctly and have, doubtless, a more definite idea of him than I have. I shall say, judging simply from the record, that he was an industrious and orderly man, given to organization, and very good for executive work. Only a month after his settlement, there was a committee chosen to examine the church records

and report thereon, and also to inquire into the expediency of altering the articles of faith. A meeting was called about the same time to establish a Sunday-school, and an elaborate organization, called the Sabbath-school Union of Falmouth, was formed. In 1830 a temperance committee was appointed, and strong temperance resolutions were passed, making the use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage a disqualification for church membership. Mr. Woodbury was succeeded by Josiah Bent, whose ministry of three years was in all respects harmonious and fruitful. Henry B. Hooker was settled in November, 1837. For all the old residents here there is no need that I should sketch Dr. Hooker's ministry, the memory of the man is still so fresh among us. It seems only the other day that he was here, and we can still in fancy see his genial and pleasant face, and hear the hearty ring of his voice. His ministry of twenty years was a remarkably happy and effective one. He was a thoroughly wide-awake man, warmly sympathetic in his feelings, ready in speech, apt in personal address, and earnestly devoted to the work of building up the kingdom of his Divine Master. William Bates, who followed him, was a good man and true, a Christian gentleman and scholar. He died in the harness, after a service of less than two years, overcome by a mysterious, wasting and agonizing disease. James P. Kimball, whose pastorate was the last finished one, was installed in June, 1860, and was dismissed to take charge of other work in 1870. His ministry was thoroughly a success, and resulted in a large accession to the church. Mr. Kimball was a genial man, full of sociability, broad and catholic in his sympathies, and a respectable preacher. Many remember the pleasure we had in his latest visits, continuing

even after he was disabled by sore illness, and the tender sorrow with which we received the tidings of his sudden passing away. Many other names might be added to these that have been mentioned. Other churches, besides the old original one, can show an honorable roll. I do not claim that ministers are any better than other men, or deserve any exceptional or pre-eminent credit for their work ; but I do say that, in the history of Falmouth, they have done their full share in the development of the town, and that their influence has been one of the prominent agencies in shaping its education, in establishing its good morals, in promoting its orderliness and thrift, and in securing for it, what we trust it will never cease to possess, a sound intellectual and religious character.

The common schools, the priceless gift of the fathers, and the object of their fostering care—May they more and more fully become the chief glory and support of our free institutions.

Response was to have been given by Charles L. Hunt, Superintendent of Schools.

THE BI-CENTENNIAL MUSEUM.

In preparing for our Bi-centennial Celebration, it was thought appropriate to supplement the other exercises of the occasion with an exhibition of articles of historic interest and relics of by-gone days. Accordingly, a committee was chosen to have the matter in charge, and the vestry of the First Congregational church, the original church of the town, was secured as an appropriate place of exhibition. The museum was open from the morning of the 15th to the evening of the 16th, and was visited by hundreds of interested spectators. To the articles of historic interest were added many curiosities, which had been collected by inhabitants of the town in this and foreign countries. A partial list of articles is given, as follows :—

DR. C. N. THAYER

Exhibited a primer that was used in the town schools over two hundred years ago ;

A steel looking-glass, used by the early settlers in this country ;

A powder-horn, carried in the Revolutionary war, the old mark on the end, 1776 ;

Old Continental paper money ;

Newspaper, dated 1794 ; George Washington's name signed to an Act passed by Congress, changing the flag of the United States ;

A cannon ball fired from the Nimrod upon the town in 1812 ;

Indian bow and arrows, hatchet, chisel, pestle, mortar, ladle, and pieces of Mayflower.

MRS. R. P. GIFFORD

Collected clock, wooden gallon measure, silk dress, vandyke, bed-spread, pin-balls, needle-book, pocket-book, samplers, glass dishes, China cups and saucers, Britannia tea-pot, doll, newspapers, school books, etc., etc.

CAPT. CALEB O. HAMBLIN

Collected one cast-iron mould for running pewter spoons, owned by Mr. T. B. Landers ;

Two paintings, owned by R. T. Hill,—one a portrait of Mr. David Gifford ; the other a flower piece.

He also exhibited one porcupine fish, a case of shells, a cork cane with silver head, bearing the date of 1816, and several small articles belonging to himself.

MRS. HELEN A. NYE

of North Falmouth, loaned the following :—

A very ancient lantern, of more than 100 years, burning a tallow candle of olden style ;

Several articles of China and glass ware—a finger-bowl, several very small silver teaspoons ; a large silver spoon, presented to her father (who, if living, would be 105 years of age), from his grandfather, Daniel Butler of Falmouth, for whom he was named ;

A bed-quilt, made by her mother at the age of 12 years (if living now, would be 96) ; ear-rings, very large ; bridal slippers, worn almost 100 years ago ; shoe buckles ;

A very curious earthen platter ;

Ancient coffee-urn, and milk pitcher ;

Punch-bowl, brought over by the first settlers ;

A *very, very* ancient silver watch, and coin ;

A spoon mould ;

A book published in 1774, and other articles.

From F. A. NYE :—

Pair saddle-bags, 150 years old ;

A piece of the frigate Constitution ;

Part of an Indian Bible ;

An assagai, or spear used by the Kaffirs of South Africa ;

Specimen of shark's teeth, from Chisholm's Island, South Carolina.

From CAPT. HIRAM NYE :—

A large seal skin ; a pair of walrus tusks ;

A large white polar bear skin ; a baby white polar bear skin ;

Esquimaux seal skin pants ;

Three pairs of Esquimaux seal skin mittens ;

Esquimaux fur overshirt and hood ;

A pair of ladies' fur dancing-shoes ;

A pair of men's Esquimaux fur boots.

From MRS. E. W. NYE :—

David Nye's flint-lock gun, with bayonet, complete, used in the war of 1812 ;

Colonel David Nye's sword ;

The Nye coat-of-arms.

From MRS. F. D. HANDY :—

Colonel William Swift's commission and epaulets.

From CAPT. SAMUEL ELDRED :—

3 pieces of Continental money, 1775 ;

11 deeds, dated from 1730 to 1790 ;

Samuel Eldred's sword.

From F. W. ADAMS :—

A flax hetchell ; a worsted comb ;

A unicorn's horn ; an ancient watch ;

A currency bill of 1730.

From MRS. ALBERT TOBEY :—

An ancient doll and shoe.

From JOSEPH WING :—

The gun with which Enoch Stove shot the last wolf in Falmouth woods.

From J. D. WINSLOW :—

A homespun linen tablecloth, over 150 years old ;

A plate, 125 years old ; a Chinese god ;

Sugar-bowl, cream-pitcher and water-pot, 100 years old.

MISS LYDIA G. ROBINSON

Collected an hour-glass, 150 years old ;

A string of gold beads, worn 100 years ago ;

One piece of worsted work, bought by John Robinson in 1689 ;

One pair of velvet knee-breeches, worn 150 years ago ;

One earthen strainer, once owned by "Aunt" Jennie Butler, 150 years old ;

China dishes, from 50 to 100 years old ;

Fine needle-work, wrought 75 years ago ;

Bedquilts, made from 75 to 100 years ago ;

Quadrant, taken by Captain Dimmick from the British frigate Retaliaton in Tarpaulin Cove, captured in 1814.

COPY OF THE ORIGINAL BILL OF THE BELL ON FIRST
CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Mr. H. F. Lincoln }
Gov't of Paul Bevere }

Boston Nov, 30, 1796,

One Church Bell } cents \$
Weight 807 lbs, } a 42, 338.94,

Received pay by a Note Paul Bevere,

A certificate of membership in the Society of Cincinnati written on parchment, and bearing the autographs of Geo. Washington, Pres., and Henry Knox, Sec. The following is a copy :—

Be it known that Lieutenant Colonel BARACHIA BASSETT is a member of the Society of the CINCINNATI; instituted by the Officers of the American Army at the Period of its Dissolution, as well to Commemorate the great Event which gave Independence to *North America*, as for the laudable Purpose of inculcating the Duty of laying down in Peace, Arms assumed for public Defence, and of uniting in Acts of brotherly Affection and Bonds of perpetual Friendship the Members constituting the same.

IN TESTIMONY whereof I the President of the said Society have hereunto set my Hand at *Philadelphia* in the State of *Pennsylvania*, this FIFTH Day of MAY in the Year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty Four and in the **EIGHTH** Year of the Independence of the United States.

By order

H. Knox Secretary.

G. Washington President.

MRS. LYDIA P. HINCKLEY

of East Falmouth, secured the following for exhibition. The figures indicate the age of the article :—

Picture of Lorenzo Dow, 80 ;

Picture of Peggy Dow, his wife, 80 ;

- Profile of Edward Fish, 100 ;
Profile of Hannah Fish, 100 ;
Profile of Daniel Hall, 80 ;
Profile of Mercy Hall, 80 ;
Earthen platter, 50 ;
Pewter platter, 125 ;
Pair tongs, 75 ;
Candlesticks, 75 ;
Snuffers and tray, 60 ;
Glass decanter, 100 ;
Indian drinking-cup, 100 ;
Indian paddle, 95 ;
Silver spoon, 100 ;
Indian fan, 75 ;
Britannia tea-pot, 100 ;
China plates ;
Glass plates, 100 ;
Child's hat, 50 ;
China bottle, 90 ;
Flax hetchell ;
Arm-chair, 150 ;
Handkerchief woven by hand-loom, 100 ;
History of America's early days, 100 ;
Thread spun on hand-wheel, 50 ;
Wooden pails, 50 ;
Jug, 25 ;
Bonnets, 25 ;

Wooden ladle, 50 ;

Wineglasses, 50 ;

Silver tablespoons, 100 ;

Wooden plate, 75 ;

Sword, owned by Dea. Thos. Lewis ;

Cap, used on training days ;

China cup, said to belong to the first set of China brought to Falmouth ;

Silver teaspoon, 90 ;

Salt dish, 50 ;

Sampler, 88 ;

Shawl, 80 ;

Work-bag, 75 ;

Linen thread, 50 ;

Wooden ladle, 95 ;

China mug, 100 ;

Wool cards, 75.

REV. B. R. GIFFORD,

Chairman of Museum Committee, collected the following :—

Loaned by MRS. JABEZ DAVIS :—

A plate and cup and saucer, 150.

Loaned by LORENZO ELDRED :—

A pair of slippers, 108 ;

A writing-book, 200 ;

A pair of corsets, 100 ;

A pewter porringer, 112 ;

A family Bible, printed in 1791.

Loaned by W. N. DAVIS :—

Knife, made from a Revolutionary sword ;

Ledger kept by Hugh G. Donaldson, M. D. ;

Almanacs,—1813, 1816, 1818, 1824, 1825 ;

Chair, supposed to be about 200 years old.

Loaned by SAMUEL P. DAVIS :—

Arm-chair, which belonged to Gen. Braddock Dimmick.

The articles specified below, belong to the REV. B. R. GIFFORD and MRS. GIFFORD, and were mainly collected by them in their travels :—

Case of beetles and butterflies, from Rio Janeiro ;

Bottle of water, from the river Jordan ;

Pieces of pottery, from the quarry under Jerusalem ;

Pieces of stone, from the substructure of Solomon's temple, under the mosque of Omar ;

Piece of stone within the mosque of Omar, Jerusalem, on which, tradition says, Abraham was about to offer his son Isaac ;

Jewish ink-horn, from Constantinople ;

Piece of stone, from the tomb of the kings, near Jerusalem ;

Fragment of mosaic, from the Mount of Olives ;

Marble, from near the tomb of Mary Magdalene, Ephesus ;

Relic, from the tomb of Alexander the Rich, Ephesus ;

Marble, from about the tomb of St. Luke, Ephesus ;

Marble, from the Parthenon, Athens ;

Marble, from the Stadium, where St. Paul fought with wild beasts at Ephesus ;

Pebble, from Mersina, the port of Tarsus, the birthplace of St. Paul ;

Brick, from Pompeii ;

Red granite, from the quarries in Thebes, Egypt ;

Lava and scorïæ, from the old crater of Vesuvius, the eruption from which destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum in A. D. 70 ;

Piece of stone from the top of the great pyramid, Egypt ;

Relic of the 2,000-year-old fig tree, near Cairo, Egypt, under which, tradition says, Joseph and Mary halted during their flight into Egypt ;

Marble, from the palace of the Cæsars, Rome ;

Piece of mosaic, from the baths of the Emperor Caracalla, Rome ;

Rosaries made of olive wood and shells, from Bethlehem and Athens ;

Olive wood, napkin-ring and card-case, from Jerusalem ;

Cones, from cedars on Mt. Lebanon ;

Cones, from the giant trees of California ;

Antique, gilded coffee-cup holders, from Damascus ;

Bellows, from Damascus, of Syrian make ;

Combs, from Damascus, made there ;

Shells, from the shore of the Sea of Galilee, and the Red Sea ;

Ancient and modern coins, from various countries,—one being from Smyrna, of Roman make, dating back to the time of the Cæsars ;

Piece of stone, from Lincoln castle, England, built by William the Conqueror, in the eleventh century ;

Decayed wood, from Luther and Melancthon's rooms, Wittenberg.

Fossil shark's tooth,—the fish estimated to have been seventy-five feet long ;

A book entitled "Touchstone of Sincerity," written in 1678, and printed in 1698 ;

"Divine Breathings," printed in 1709.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

Simultaneously with the firing of the first gun at sunrise, came a dash of rain, which led many to fear that a stormy day was to interfere with the festivities of the occasion ; but soon all fear on that score was removed, as the showers, after laying the dust, passed away. At an early hour the citizens, from different parts of the town, began to arrive, and long before the hour for the procession, the streets, Green, and Ludlam's Plain where was located the mammoth Yale tent, were thronged with people intent upon celebrating this, the greatest social event in the history of the town. Trains soon arrived from New Bedford, the Cape and Boston, the latter bearing the Governor, his staff and various State officials. The arrival of this train was greeted by a salute of seventeen guns, fired by the battery stationed near Fresh Pond. As the procession moved over its route, through the streets and by the shores of Vineyard Sound, it was accompanied by a crowd of sight-seers, and at intervals photographers were stationed, anxious to secure views of the grand pageant. The inspiring music, the brilliant display of flags and bunting, the long array of carriages laden with citizens and guests, made a scene long to be remembered. When all were seated in the tent, who could find room therein, a large crowd still remained outside, who enjoyed them-

selves by viewing the natural beauties of the town, and in renewing acquaintances and friendships of former years, and when the time came for the departure of the trains, all felt, as they left for home, that the celebration had been a perfect success, and that they had passed a most enjoyable day. Not the least gratifying feature of the celebration was the fact that not the slightest appearance of drunkenness or disorder occurred during the day or evening, and no accident happened to dampen the enjoyment of any.

The evening entertainment was by no means the least enjoyable feature of the celebration. Soon after sunset the Middleboro band, stationed on the piazza of the Falmouth National Bank, gave a fine concert, which was listened to by a large and appreciative audience, which occupied the streets and Green in the vicinity.

At the close of the concert, the display of fire-works began, under the direction of Mr. Tilton, agent of the U. S. Fireworks Co., and for about two hours the citizens were delighted with the grandest display of the kind ever seen in the town. Rockets, serpents, bombs, etc. followed each other in rapid succession, interspersed now and then with a set piece, the most elaborate of which was the closing piece, which showed the word "Falmouth" with 1686 and 1886 on either side in dazzling brilliancy; after which, those citizens who did not care to attend the Bi-centennial ball at the Town Hall, returned to their homes wearied in body, but well satisfied that the events of the day had reflected much honor upon the town.

The following letter, from Hon. Charles L. Swift of Yarmouth received while this volume was in preparation, adds one item of historic interest :—

YARMOUTH PORT, MASS., Aug. 9, 1887.

MR. CLARKE :—

Dear Sir: In examining the Provincial statutes at the State House, recently, I found that the town of *Falmouth* had the sum of £22 8s. assigned as its share of the province tax for the year 1694, in the statute passed Sept. 14 of that year. This is six years earlier than the researches made last year enabled us to find the name of Falmouth officially recorded as applicable to the town.

* * * * *

Yours truly,

C. F. SWIFT.

The following article is a description of Falmouth, written nearly fifty years ago, and recently republished by the local newspapers :—

“FALMOUTH.”

“This town, forming the southwestern extremity of the peninsula of Cape Cod, was incorporated in 1686. Mr. Samuel Shireick labored in this place as a minister previous to 1700. Rev. Joseph Metcalf, who graduated at Cambridge, was chosen minister. He died in 1723, and was succeeded by Mr. Josiah Marshall. Rev. Samuel Palmer was ordained in 1731, and was succeeded by Mr. Zebulon Butler, who was ordained in 1775, and dismissed in 1778. The next minister, Rev. Isaiah Mann, was ordained in 1780, and died in 1789. Rev. Henry Lincoln was ordained in 1790, and dismissed in 1823. His successor, Rev. Benjamin Woodbury, was ordained in 1824, and dis-

missed in 1833. The next minister was Rev. Josiah Bent, who was installed in 1834, and dismissed in 1837, and was succeeded by Rev. Henry B. Hooker, who was installed in the same year. The Congregational church in East Falmouth was organized in 1810, and the one in North Falmouth in 1833.

“The town is bounded on the west by Buzzards Bay, and on the south by Vineyard Sound. A chain of hills, which is continued from Sandwich, runs on the west side of the township, near Buzzards Bay, and terminates at ‘Woods Holl,’ a harbor at the southwestern point of the town. The rest of the land in this township is remarkably level. The soil is thin, but superior in quality to the light lands in the eastern part of the county. An extensive pine forest is situated between the villages of Falmouth and Sandwich. There are not less than forty ponds in the township, which give a great variety to the scenery. The village, which is one of the handsomest on the Cape, consists of about one hundred dwelling-houses, two churches (one Congregational and one Methodist), an academy, and the Falmouth Bank with a capital of \$100,000. The village is twenty-two miles from Barnstable, eighteen from Sandwich, and seventy-one from Boston. Woods Holl is four miles to the southwest. At this place there is a village, and ships of the largest class can go up to the wharf. The landing at Falmouth village is about three-fourths of a mile from the Congregational church. The mail is carried over from this place to Holmes’s Hole, on Martha’s Vineyard, three times a week in a sail boat. The distance between the two landings is seven miles. Two streams afford a water power, on which are two woolen mills, having three sets of machinery. There are five houses of worship, three

Congregational, one for Friends or Quakers, and one Methodist. Population, 2,580. In 1837, there were nine vessels employed in the whale fishery; tonnage of the same, 2,823; sperm oil imported, 4,952 barrels (148,560 gallons); whale oil, 275 barrels (8,250 gallons); hands employed in the fishery, 250; capital invested, \$260,000; salt manufactured, 35,569 bushels."

The following is copied from monuments in the village graveyard:—

"Here lies interred the body of the Rev. Samuel Palmer, who fell asleep April ye 13th, 1775, in the 68th year of his age and 45th of his ministry.

"His virtues would a monument supply,
But underneath these clods his ashes lie."

"In memory of Capt. David Wood, who died in his 42d year, in Cape Francois, Aug. 10th, 1802, of the yellow fever, with 4 of his men.

"He's gone; the voyage of human life is o'er;
And weeping friends shall see his face no more;
Far from the tenderest objects of his love,
He dies, to find a happier world above.
Around this monument his friends appear
To embalm his precious memory with a tear."

"His men who died were Edward Butler, aged 15 years, and Prince Fish, aged 19 yrs., both died August 10th; Henry Green, aged 20 years, Willard Hatch, aged 12 years, both died August 17th.

"These hopeful youths with life are called to part
And wound afresh their tender parents' hearts."

NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR DEAF-MUTES.

TRENTON, June 21, 1886.

MY DEAR MR. CLARKE :—

I wish to offer my hearty congratulations to you and to the other gentlemen who made the arrangements for what seems to have been one of the best planned and most successfully carried out of the minor celebrations which have been so numerous lately. I write to say that, if the proceedings of the day are to be printed, as I think they should be, in separate form, I should like to be informed of the fact, and also of the price per copy.

I am much pleased with General Swift's oration, as being sufficiently laudatory for the occasion, but with a due sense of proportion, which local eulogists sometimes lack. I rather fear, however, that his reference to my father, flattering as it was, would give a wrong idea of the man to those who did not know him. If, in his quiet sphere, he was to some extent a leader, it was not because he forced his way to the front, but because those who trusted his judgment and his integrity chose to follow. Indeed, one trait which I especially honor in Falmouth people is just that quiet balance of character which, in my day certainly, made it the worst possible field for the aggressive, self-asserting man to push his claims.

My early life in Falmouth has ingrained in me an abiding faith in democracy, as the noblest social ideal. Men and women less capable of being awed by adventitious claims—social, political, or ecclesiastical—than those old Falmouth folks, never were ; yet the respectful affection which they gave, for instance to Mr. Hooker, or whenever

character and ability deserved it, was a more genuine feeling than can arise in a more artificial society.

Of course, not having lived there for many years, I know little of the people of the place now, but from the liberality and good taste shown in the administration of public affairs, it would seem that the same qualities survive, with "modern improvements" superadded.

Very truly yours,

WESTON JENKINS.

The committee issued about nine hundred invitations to natives and former citizens, nearly three hundred of whom accepted the invitation by letter previous to the day of celebration. About one hundred and fifty declined, and the others were not heard from; but many of them reported in person on the morning of the 15th. The following are a few of the letters received from those unable to be with us:—

Haverford College, Pa., May 5, 1886.

S. A. HOLTON, Esq.:—

My Dear Sir: I regret exceedingly that college duties forbid my accepting your invitation to attend the celebration of the 200th Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town of Falmouth. I do not know what would give me greater pleasure than to be present on an occasion of such interest.

It gratifies me to find that, though I have wandered away from the “*cunabula gentis*,” I am still counted as an old son of Falmouth, and am not entirely forgotten.

* * * * *

Confident that you will celebrate Falmouth’s anniversary in a manner befitting her noble past, and congratulating you in advance on the success of your laudable undertaking, I am,

Very truly yours,

SETH K. GIFFORD.

60 DEVONSHIRE ST., BOSTON, April 14, 1886.

F. A. NYE, Esq., North Falmouth, Mass.:—

Dear Sir: Your letter to the chairman of the selectmen of Hingham, of which town I am a resident, requesting a copy of the

Report of the Centennial Celebration in that place, has been handed to me.

The celebration, being the 250th anniversary, could not be paid for by taxation, under our statutes, and was carried through by private subscription. Out of the surplus funds the expense of printing was paid, and after the celebration the Committee of Arrangements committed to me the work of publication and disposition of the books. The edition was only five hundred, and is nearly exhausted. They were not sold, and were it not for memories peculiar to myself, I should be obliged to refer you to one of the numerous libraries in which copies may be found.

My name is Francis Henry Lincoln, and I received my names because of a respect my father, the late Hon. Solomon Lincoln, entertained for his aunt and uncle—the latter being the Rev. Henry Lincoln,—born in Hingham in 1765, graduated from Harvard College in 1786, and ordained over the church at Falmouth Feb. 3, 1790, with which his relations were dissolved Nov. 26, 1823. He died in Nantucket, May 28, 1857.

After my father's graduation at Brown University, in 1822, being desirous of continuing his studies, and at the same time, I suppose, of earning a little money, he lived nearly a year in Falmouth, in his uncle's family, and taught school there. Attachments for places were very strong with him, and he never ceased to look back with pleasure to the time spent in Falmouth. He formed some acquaintances which lasted many years, and his uncle held a warm place in his affections.

On the occasion of the old minister's funeral, in 1857, I was

present with my father. The church in Falmouth was undergoing repairs, and the services were held in the Town Hall, Rev. Dr. Hooker, as I think, conducting them. I remember they were carried on in the midst of a most violent storm of thunder and lightning, and were very impressive. My recollection is very distinct of hearing the hymn read, beginning "Servant of God, well done !"

You may not care to hear this personal reminiscence, but such experiences in early life impress themselves upon the memory, and I am prompted by this old association, and the associations of my late father, to send to you a copy of the proceedings at the Hingham celebration. The book contains an oration by my brother, who bears our father's name, and it would be very agreeable to me if you would place it in your public library, as a gift from me, if you have such a library ; or, if not, in some library where it will be handed down with other local collections. Of course, I suggest this as a final disposition of it, after you have gathered such information from it as you desire—knowing that it can have little permanent value to you personally.

Pardon this long narrative, and believe me,

Yours very truly,

FRANCIS H. LINCOLN.

WELLESLEY, April 25, 1886.

MR. S. A. HOLTON :—

Dear Sir: The invitation tendered me by your committee to deliver a poem on the celebration of my native town's Bi-centennial, has touched me with a peculiar sense of gratitude and pleasure, and

it is with a very deep and genuine regret that I decline the proffered honor.

As the scene of my father's latest labors, and the spot where he lies buried, as the home where my mother and all her children knew such friendliness and neighborly kindness as I believe the world does not hold elsewhere, Falmouth is especially endeared to me. My heart, as I write, overflows with happy, childish memories, and I heartily wish it were in my power to express in song some little portion of the love and loyalty I feel for the beautiful old town beside the sea. But your note has come to me in an exceedingly busy season, when I am hard driven with my college work, which increases heavily in the spring, and when I am under promise, besides, to furnish a long poem for another public occasion in the middle of June, I have not the time for the writing you suggest, and neither have I the proper materials at hand, which would enable me to do the subject any justice, if what you wish is, as I suppose, something of an historic character, dealing with the old legends and traditions in which the town is rich. I left Falmouth before I had completed my twelfth summer, and so am not possessed of the local information which I might have gained in longer residence.

Possibly I could send you—for unhappily I cannot arrange to be present in any case,—a minor poem, touching upon the natural beauties of the town; but I ought not to let you depend upon me, even for that, as my prior engagement is still unfulfilled, and my days are already so crowded. Certainly I should do your committee a wrong if, under the circumstances, I should consent to be held responsible for any prominent part on their programme. With best wishes for

the success of your festival, and with sincere sorrow for my inability to assist,

Truly yours,

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.,

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 6, 1886.

GEO. E. CLARKE, CHAIRMAN; S. A. HOLTON, SECRETARY OF COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:—

Gentlemen: I have received your kind invitation to be present at the 200th Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town of Falmouth, on Tuesday, June 15th of the present year, and regret extremely that my duties here will prevent compliance therewith, and debar me from the pleasure of participating in that interesting and memorable occasion.

The people of Falmouth have a right to cherish with pride, not only the antiquity of their town, but the intelligence, virtue, and patriotism of all the generations which comprise its history. During all this time you have furnished your full share of all that elevates and ennobles the character of our mother State, and have made her career eminent and glorious in the annals of our common country. I sincerely trust that what you have been you will continue to be, and that, in all the generations to come, the children of your noble old town will emulate the virtues of their ancestors.

Very truly yours,

R. T. DAVIS.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS.

A TOWN'S HISTORY.

BI-CENTENNIAL OF FALMOUTH'S INCORPORATION.

EARLY DAYS OF SACONNESIT—ITS CHURCHES, SCHOOLS, LAWS, AND PROMINENT MEN.

PROGRAMME FOR THE CELEBRATION OF TO-MORROW'S ANNIVERSARY.

[From the Boston Daily Globe.]

FALMOUTH, June 14, 1886.

To-morrow will be a red-letter day in the history of this beautiful town. Falmouth is pleasantly located on the southwesterly portion of Cape Cod, and has a water frontage of eighteen miles on Vineyard Sound and Buzzard's Bay. Its area is forty-five square miles, and it is divided up into eleven villages,—Falmouth, West Falmouth, East Falmouth, North Falmouth, Woods Holl, East End, Hatchville, Davisville, Waquoit, Quisset, and Teaticket. At Falmouth Heights

there is a little colony of summer cottages, which are thronged during the warm season.

The original name of the "plantation" was Saconnesit. In 1659, June 7, "liberty to view and purchase a tract of land at Saconnesit" was granted to Thomas Hinckley, Henry Cobb, Samuel Hinckley, John Jenkins, and Nathaniel Bacon of Barnstable, and Thomas Hinckley and Richard Bourne of Sandwich, were "empowered to arrange with the Indians for the same." Nothing further is known of this transaction. March 5, 1660-1, "Liberty to purchase lands at Saconneset and adjacent" was granted to John Howland, Anthony Annable, Isaac Robinson, Nathaniel Thomas, Samuel Fuller, Abraham Pierce, and Peter Blossom; and to these were added, June 4, Samuel Hinckley, Matthew Fuller, John Cooper, Henry Cobb, John Dunham, and John Jenkins of Barnstable; and Samuel Fuller, William Nelson, and Thomas Burman of Plymouth. Subsequently, the names of John Finney and Thomas Burman of Barnstable, and John Dunham, Jr., appear.

THE LAYING OUT OF THE TOWN.

The first of the "Proprietors' Records," under date of November 29, 1661, contains the following: "An agreement for laying out the lands in Succonessett:—

We whose names are hereunder written have agreed for ourselves and for whom any of us are agents, for laying out lands at Succonessett: First, the neck of land lying by the Herring brook shall be in general.

Second, Jonathan Hatch and Isaac Robinson, because they have built their houses, shall have the lots by their houses, that is to say,

Jona. Hatch shall have ten acres by his house, lying against the neck, leaving a sufficient into the neck ; and Isaac Robinson shall have four acres by his house, and eight acres next adjoining to Jona. Thatcher's, toward Pease's land ; also, because he thought himself wronged to be put off the neck, we have condescended that he shall have one acre and a half of meadow land within the great neck, toward Pease's land.

Thirdly, taking a view of the land beyond them and Pease's land, that it will yield but eight acres to every share, we have laid it out by lots : John Chipman, four acres, and eight acres each to John Jenkins, James Hamblin, William Thomas, Samuel Fuller, Thomas Lothrop, Anthony Annable, Peter Blossom, William Nelson, James Cobb, Samuel Hinckley and Thomas Ewer, all of which lots butt upon the bay or beach and run to the hill, leaving a sufficient way.

Fourthly, because we question whether we shall get water upon these lots. We have laid out four acres to a share along by the pond ; also, by lots, four acres to each of the above, except to William Nelson and John Chipman, who have two each—a sufficient way to be left along by the pond-side about or below the houses.

Fifthly, it is also agreed that the purchasers shall not keep above twenty head of cattle each upon the Great Neck, for a share.

Sixthly, we have laid out other lands next to Jonathan Hatch's grounds, lying upon the sea, and running 200 rods toward the woods, twenty acres to a share, in which division Isaac Robinson is included.

This "work is concluded and the agreement duly signed, December 3, 1661, by Thomas Lothrop, Isaac Robinson (acting for Captain Thomas, who also drew lots for Goodman Annable), Jonathan Hatch, James Hamblin, Thomas Ewer (for myself and John Chipman),

Peter Blossom, James Cobb, William Nelson, Samuel Hinckley (acting for myself and John Jenkins)."

EARLY SETTLERS AND LAWS.

Thus was the settlement of Succonessett effected. In 1677 the company added other tracts of land to that already acquired, taking lands at Woods Holl and Little Harbor. A year later Oyster Pond, Hog Island, and Great Sipperwissett were settled. The east part of the town was first occupied in 1681. In 1686, June 4, the plantation of Sachonesit became a full-fledged town, and was incorporated under the name of Falmouth. To-day her citizens vie with each other in celebrating the Bi-centennial of that important event.

Like all primitive settlements of the earlier colonial period, many curious laws were adopted :—

March 25, 1701, every housekeeper was required "to kill six old, or twelve young blackbirds, or four jays, by the 15th of June next, and deliver the same to the selectmen ; in default thereof to pay an additional tax of 3s."

The first record of a town house was in 1703, when it was "voted to pay John Robinson 2d. for nails, and Thomas Bassett 4s. for work about the town-house." The present edifice, which was erected in 1880, at a cost of \$14,000, is one of the finest town halls in the State.

DURING THE REVOLUTION.

Nothing of any great note took place in the history of the town until the exciting period covered by the Revolutionary war. In October, 1774, it was ordered "every man from 16 to 60 years old shall be furnished with arms and ammunition." The following year a night watch was established to "stand from 9 in the evening till sunrise."

A company of minute-men was raised, who were to receive 2s. per day for actual service, and Major Joseph Dimmick was placed in command of them.

The people, at an early period of the war, realized the exposed position of the town, and their readiest means of communication being by water, they began to prepare for a siege by appointing a committee to procure a quantity of cereals and other stores, and deposit them in some safe place, to sell to those who shall need, and to give it to the poor at discretion. British cruisers were constantly in the sound. The enemy's principal rendezvous was Tarpaulin cove, on Naushon Island. The apprehension of distress induced the town, in 1777, to order the purchase of five hundred bushels of corn for the poor the coming winter. April 2, 1779, an attempt was made to destroy the town by the British fleet at Tarpaulin cove. Eluding the watch, the enemy landed during the night, and committed numerous depredations, but were soon surprised by the patriots, and driven off with little booty. On the morning of the 3d, the fleet, consisting of two schooners and eight sloops, anchored abreast of the town, and commenced a heavy cannonade of cannon-ball, double-headed shot, bars of iron, grape shot, and small arms, and manned their boats, ten in number, with 220 men, and made various attempts to land, keeping up a heavy firing from 11 A. M. until 5 P. M. They were repulsed by the militia, who were fifty strong, and finally abandoned their project. They made a similar attempt to effect a landing at Woods Holl, but were defeated by a handful of patriots.

Again, in 1814, the town was bombarded by the British. January 23, the brig-of-war *Nimrod*, carrying eighteen guns, anchored

off the town at 10 o'clock in the morning, and sent a flag of truce ashore, and demanded the surrender of the one vessel moored at the wharf, and the two guns which were behind the breastworks on the beach. The demand being indignantly refused by the patriotic citizens, the enemy opened a heavy fire upon the town. No great damage was sustained. Several houses were slightly damaged by the shot. Only one narrow escape is recorded during the engagement. Anticipating the bombardment, the women and children were all removed to a place of safety. Ann Freeman, however, was an exception, and remained behind. She retired to a front room, and took up a position behind the great chimney. Having occasion to pass through to another room, she was just crossing the threshold of the door-way when a thirty-two-pound shot came crashing through the house, and passing through the door-casing, buried itself in a feather bed, where it was afterward found. During the time that hostilities continued, provisions were scarce and difficult to procure. Corn was sold at \$3 per bushel.

CAPTURE OF A BRITISH PRIVATEER.

That the redcoats did not have it all their way during this exciting period, the following incident illustrates. Captain Weston Jenkins, with thirty-two brave volunteers, embarked on the little sloop *Two Friends*, armed with one brass four-pounder, muskets, swords, etc., with the bold intention of effecting, if possible, the capture of the British privateer *Retaliation*, commanded by Captain Porter. Being becalmed at Woods Holl, they rowed the vessel to Tarpaulin cove, where the Britisher lay. Arriving within three-fourths of a mile of the privateer, the latter's long gun was fired. The *Two Friends*

came to and dropped anchor. As soon as they had anchored, a boat, containing the captain and five men came alongside, from the privateer. The patriots, with one or two exceptions, concealed themselves until the boat reached the vessel, when they suddenly appeared and demanded the surrender of the English vessel. Having captured the boat's crew, they then boarded the privateer, and carried her without resistance. The captured vessel had five guns, twelve men, and two American prisoners.

In the late civil war, Falmouth's sons were early in the conflict to preserve the Union, and many distinguished themselves by their heroism and bravery.

THE WHALING BUSINESS.

Falmouth was once famous for its whaling fleet and shipping interest. Ship-building was carried on to a considerable extent, and many fine vessels were constructed here. Among the more notable are the Uncas, Awashonk, Pocahontas, Hobomuk, William Penn, Bartholomew Gosnold, Popmonett, George Washington, Brunette, and Enterprise. With the decline of whaling, the building of vessels also became extinct. For many years the town witnessed but few changes. Remote from any railroad center, but few strangers found their way to its pleasant borders. Thus matters remained until the opening of the Woods Holl branch of the Old Colony railroad from Buzzard's Bay to Woods Holl, about fourteen years ago. Travellers were attracted by the many beautiful shore resorts at Woods Holl, Falmouth Heights, Quissett, Menauhant, and other localities within the town limits, and began to erect summer homes, so that now some of the most beautiful and elegant summer residences in southeastern

Massachusetts are found scattered about the town. Prominent among them are "Tanglewood," the fine summer home of J. Arthur Beebe of Boston, and "Highfield," the summer residence of the late J. M. Beebe.

CHURCHES AND PASTORS.

Like all of the early settlements, the municipal and ecclesiastical affairs were controlled by the same power—the suffrages of the citizens. The colony laws required that "no settlement be made remote from a place of public worship, unless the settlers be strong enough to support a minister of the gospel," and March, 1663, the court enacted "that it be commended to the settlers at Saconessett to apply themselves in some effectual way for the increase of their numbers," that "they may carry on things to their better satisfaction, both in civil and religious respects; especially that they endeavor to procure an able, godly man for the dispensing of God's word among them." But "Saconessett not being yet strong enough to stand alone," it was further "ordered that Saconessett shall for the present belong to Barnstable." July, 1681, the court ordered that thirty acres of upland and a quantity of meadow land be set apart for the benefit of the parson, when they should secure one. This land was selected and set apart in 1687, one year after the incorporation of the settlement as a town, "to be perpetually to such an end, successively, without any alteration or change, forever."

The first preacher was Samuel Shiverick, who assumed his pastoral duties some time previous to 1700. That "his lines were not cast in pleasant places" is evident from the action of the town in 1702, when it was agreed that they would not employ him to preach

to them any more, and a Joseph Parsons was chosen to inform Mr. Shiverick of the town's action. This action of the citizens does not appear to have proved effective, for in 1705 we find the town appointing a committee "to agree with Mr. Shiverick concerning his demands, also to forbid his preaching any more on the town's account."

In 1708 the First Congregational Society was formed, and seven years later they decided to build a new meeting-house, which was so far completed in 1717 that the seats were chalked out and bids received for pew spots. Rev. Joseph Metcalfe succeeded Mr. Shiverick in 1707. He died in 1723, and the pastorate has been filled successively by many pastors up to the present time. Rev. Joseph Palmer officiated nearly half a century, from 1731 till 1775. About 1789, the united action of town and church in ecclesiastical matters nearly ceased, and became absolutely separate and distinct in 1800.

A Methodist society was incorporated in 1811, and the Second Congregational Society at East Falmouth in 1821, although the latter was organized eleven years previously. The Third Congregational church was organized at North Falmouth in 1833, and in 1849 the Fourth church was formed at Waquoit. The Quakers were among the earliest settlers, for in 1685 we find William Gifford and Robert Harper to be recognized members of the sect. They have built several houses of worship during the past two centuries, each more commodious and convenient than its predecessor. St. Joseph's Catholic church was built in 1880, at Woods Holl, and the People's Congregational at the same place in 1881. There is also an Episcopal church at this village.

THE PUBLIC HOUSES.

Public houses were also an ancient institution in this famous old town. February 7, 1664-5, Isaac Robinson was "approved and allowed by the court to keep an ordinary at Saconessett for the entertainment of strangers, in regard that it doth appear that there is a great increase to and fro by travellers to Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, etc." The travellers of that day, who were probably satisfied with a frugal repast and a "mug of flip," would gaze with amazement upon the palatial hostelrys which now adorn the town. The famous Menauhant House, at Menauhant; the Dexter House, at Woods Holl; Quisset Harbor House, Hotel Falmouth; Towers, Pickwick, Goodwin's, and Brown's at Falmouth Heights.

SCHOOLS AND TEACHERS.

The settlers early evinced an interest in educational matters, and turned their attention to the schooling of their children as soon as the wilderness had been subjugated. The most important episode in educational matters was the endowment of Lawrence Academy, by Mr. Shubael Lawrence, who died in 1840, and left \$10,000 for that purpose. Numerous primary, intermediate, and grammar schools, in the various villages, furnish excellent opportunity for the young to gain an education, while the high-school course completes the work.

HISTORICAL CLIPPINGS.

Dr. Francis Wicks established a hospital for inoculation at Nobsque (Woods Holl) in 1797.

The Falmouth bank was incorporated in 1821, with a capital of \$100,000.

In 1716 wolves became so troublesome that a bounty of one hundred dollars was offered for the head of each wolf slain.

Marine Lodge, F. A. and A. M., were instituted in 1798. They have surrendered their charter twice, but finally recalled it in 1856, since which time the lodge has been active and prosperous.

The first public road was laid out in 1687.

In 1689 the first election of deputies occurred. John Robinson was elected.

The first poor-house was established in 1800.

There are eight post-offices in town.

The manufacture of salt, in the early days, was quite an industry in Falmouth. The grandfather of to-day's orator, General John L. Swift, was at one time actively engaged in the business.

Succanessett Lodge, Knights of Honor, was instituted at Liberty Hall, Woods Holl, in 1879.

The town boasts of forty ponds of various dimensions, which are plentifully stocked with toothsome fish.

THE FALMOUTH LOCAL is a bright little sheet, issued by Lewis F. Clarke.

The town's population is 2,500. The exercises will consist of a parade of the civic and military organizations through the principal streets to the depot, where Governor Robinson and staff will be received and escorted to the mammoth tent on Ludlam's plain, where the literary exercises will take place. Among the speakers who are expected to be present, are Governor Robinson, Lieutenant-Governor Ames, General John L. Swift, E. H. Jenkins, A. D. Hatch, Dr. Robert T. Davis, Hon. W. W. Crapo, Charles F. Swift, Rev. J. P. Bodfish,

Rev. E. D. Hall, George E. Clarke, and others. The Boston Cadet band and Middleboro Cornet band will furnish music. A collation will be served to all holding tickets. A display of fire-works, and a band concert in the evening, will close the festivities.

[From the Cape Cod Item.]

NOTES.

It is estimated that there were over five thousand people in and about the grounds on the day of the celebration.

A large number of policemen were on duty, besides several State detectives, but, happily, their services were not called into requisition, no disturbance of any kind occurring during the day.

Among those present at the celebration were four brothers, viz : Roland, Arza, Abner C., and Moses R. Fish (sons of the late James Fish of this town), whose united ages amount to 290 years, averaging 72 1-2 years. The aggregate weight of the quartette is 807 pounds, an average of over 200 pounds each. A hard record to beat.

[From the Boston Evening Traveller.]

“Two hundred years have passed away

Since Falmouth first became a town,

And now we celebrate the day,

For 'tis a place of some renown.

The founders have all passed away,

And all their children gone to rest;

But we to them our tribute pay,

Although not one can be a guest.

Falmouth is a pleasant place,
The land so smooth, the streets so level;
So many have a smiling face,
And in their pleasures seem to revel.

Here we have built a nice town hall;
Two churches also grace our village;
Good schools we have for large and small;
Our land is very good for tillage.

Here people from the cities come,
And stop through all the sultry weather,
And find a very pleasant home,
Spending their leisure hours together.

Long may we find this quiet place
A pleasant home in which to dwell;
And when we have all run our race,
May we all find we have done well."

The sons and daughters of old Falmouth are to-day celebrating the 200th anniversary of the settlement of the town. At sunrise Battery A, of Boston, commenced on a salute of two hundred guns in honor of the day, and by 6 o'clock there were indications of life in the ancient town. In the morning the streets were gradually filling up with visitors and citizens, and at 9.30, when the procession moved to the depot, there was much enthusiasm manifested. On the arrival of the train bearing Governor Robinson and his staff, a salute of seventeen guns was fired. There were many distinguished guests present at the exercises at the tent, among the number being Governor George D. Robinson, Lieutenant-Governor Oliver C. Ames, Hon. W. W.

Crapo, Hon. Henry B. Peirce, Hon. Francis H. Lincoln of Hingham, Rev. Fr. J. P. Bodfish, a native of the town, Jonathan Bourne, and ex-Councillor Matthew Cushing of Middleboro. Following the exercises a collation was spread in a tent under the direction of Caterer S. P. Richmond of New Bedford, and the exercises were brought to a close by toasts and responses, interspersed with music. In the evening there is to be a grand reunion of families, old friends and acquaintances, illumination, fire-works, and band concert on the Common.

TOWN OFFICERS OF FALMOUTH, 1886.

TOWN CLERK AND TREASURER.

WILLIAM H. HEWINS.

SELECTMEN AND ASSESSORS.

JOSHUA C. ROBINSON, SILAS HATCH,
*THOMAS H. LAWRENCE, JAMES E. GIFFORD.

OVERSEERS OF POOR.

JOSHUA C. ROBINSON, JOSEPH D. WINSLOW, GEORGE H. DAVIS.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

JOSHUA C. ROBINSON, HENRY JONES, SEBA A. HOLTON.

REGISTRARS OF VOTERS.

ASA SHIVERICK, WILLIAM HEWINS, DANIEL BOWERMAN.
together with WILLIAM H. HEWINS, Town Clerk.

COMMITTEE ON ACCOUNTS.

SILAS JONES, BARZILLAI C. CAHOON, GEORGE E. CLARKE.

HERRING COMMITTEE.

ABITHAR CROCKER, TIMOTHY L. DAVIS, ZACHEUS BRALEY.

COMMITTEE ON INLAND FISHERIES.

ABISHAI PHINNEY, THOMAS H. LAWRENCE, BARZILLAI C. CAHOON.

CONSTABLES.

SHUBAEL M. NORTON, GEORGE C. CLARK, SYLVESTER BOURNE,
SILAS F. SWIFT, OBED PIERCE, WM. F. DONALDSON,
 JOSEPH D. WINSLOW, ABISHAI PHINNEY.

HIGHWAY SURVEYORS.

CHARLES E. DAVIS, WILLIAM N. DAVIS, STEPHEN G. CAHOON,
BENJ. S. BOWERMAN, ZACHEUS BRALEY, ALBERT F. CROWELL,
BENJ. H. HATCH, ABISHAI PHINNEY, JOSHUA C. ROBINSON,
 THOMAS R. NYE, GEORGE H. DAVIS.

SURVEYORS OF WOOD.

HERBERT F. NYE, GEORGE P. GAMANS, WM. W. CHADWICK,
CHARLES E. DAVIS, JOSEPH WING, SOLOMON L. HAMLIN,
 WILLIAM E. LAWRENCE, ROWLAND C. PHINNEY.

SURVEYORS OF LUMBER.

PRINCE D. SWIFT, HENRY W. JENKINS, SIMON H. COWEN,
B. B. KING, EZEKIEL E. SWIFT, TIMOTHY HATCH,
 ZACHEUS BRALEY.

FIRE WARDS.

CHARLES E. DAVIS, SHUBAEL M. NORTON, MICHAEL H. WALSH,
LEWIS H. LAWRENCE, STEPHEN G. CAHOON, GEORGE H. DAVIS,
E. FRANK BEMIS, REUBEN E. BOWMAN, JOSEPH WING,
SHUBAEL N. HATCH, WM. W. CHADWICK, SETH COLLINS,
ASA. P. TOBEY, BARZILLAI C. CAHOON, JAMES J. HATCH.

SEALER OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

HENRY F. GIFFORD.

PUBLIC WEIGHERS.

HERBERT F. NYE, CHARLES E. DAVIS, ROWLAND R. JONES,
JOTHAM HOWES, JAMES E. GIFFORD, CALEB O. HAMBLIN,
 JOHN H. LUMBERT.

FENCE VIEWERS.

J. ARTHUR BEEBE, E. PIERSON BEEBE, BARZILLAI C. CAHOON.

COLLECTOR OF TAXES.

ASA P. TOBEY.

*The term of Thomas H. Lawrence expired March 1.

LIST OF VOTERS OF THE TOWN OF FALMOUTH, FOR THE YEAR 1886.

Adams, Frederick W.	Baxter, Alpheus H.	Bowman, David H.
Avery, John W.	Baxter, Edward	Bowman, Ebenezer F.
Ayers, Richard	Baxter, Solomon H.	Bowman, Edward H.
Bacon, William B.	Beal, Benjamin F.	Bowman, Enos E.
Baker, Alpheus R.	Bearse, Christopher G.	Bowman, Francis M.
Baker, Andrew	Bearse, Crocker H.	Bowman, Jabez D.
Baker, Barnabas H.	Beebe, E. Pierson	Bowman, Joseph H.
Baker, Daniel H.	Beebe, Frank H.	Bowman, Moses H.
Baker, Edward A.	Beebe, J. Arthur	Bowman, Reuben E.
Baker, Elwood	Bemis, E. Frank	Bowman, Stephen
Baker, Henry	Bessee, Lemuel	Boyce, James A.
Baker, Henry H.	Bodfish, Robinson C.	Braley, Savery
Baker, Hiram E.	Bosworth, William B.	Braley, Silas
Baker, Isaac F.	Bourne, Barnabas E. Jr.	Braley, Zacheus
Baker, Jabez D.	Bourne, Charles L.	Briggs, Abner P.
Baker, Jehiel	Bourne, Edson	Broderick, Martin
Baker, Joshua	Bourne, Sylvester	Burdick, Charles H.
Baker, Leander	Bowerman, Benj. S.	Burdick, Theodore E.
Baker, Lewis	Bowerman, Daniel	Burgess, Charles S.
Baker, Mayhew	Bowles, Henry	Burgess, Joseph C.
Baker, Nehemiah P.	Bowles, John W.	Burgess, Joshua W.
Baker, Newell E.	Bowman, Charles E.	Burgess, Josiah S.
Baker, Shubael	Bowman, Charles T.	Butler, David E.

Butler, Watson S.	Clarke, George E.	Davis, Daniel
Cahoon, Alden F.	Coleman, Nathaniel	Davis, Francis
Cahoon, Barzillai C.	Collins, Seth	Davis, Francis 2d
Cahoon, Frederick A.	Collins, Simeon D.	Davis, Frank P.
Cahoon, George H.	Collins, William A.	Davis, Frederick C.
Cahoon, Stephen G.	Conaley, John	Davis, George H.
Cahoon, William S.	Cook, James F.	Davis, Henry Oscar
Calott, Lewis W.	Coombs, Charles B.	Davis, Henry O.
Chadwick, Alex'r T.	Cornors, John	Davis, Henry T.
Chadwick, John T.	Cowen, Simon H.	Davis, Herbert L.
Chadwick, Samuel H.	Craig, Henry K.	Davis, Israel B.
Chadwick, Willard N.	Crocker, Abiatha	Davis, Jabez
Chadwick, William W.	Crocker, Alexander	Davis, James
Chase, Levi C.	Crocker, Augustus O.	Davis, James C.
Childs, Byron P.	Crocker, Benjamin F.	Davis, James H.
Childs, Charles,	Crocker, John H.	Davis, John W.
Childs, Charles F.	Crocker, Joseph B.	Davis, Justus
Childs, Frederick N.	Crocker, Silas J.	Davis, Matthew P.
Childs, Henry W.	Crocker, William H.	Davis, Samuel F.
Childs, Herbert	Crowell, Albert F.	Davis, Samnel P.
Childs, Joseph A.	Crowell, Azariah F.	Davis, Thomas L.
Childs, Peter E.	Crowell, Edward J.	Davis, Timothy L.
Childs, Robinson P.	Crowley, Charles	Davis, William C.
Childs, Thomas	Cummings, Patrick	Davis, William N.
Childs, William	Davis, Andrew W.	Davis, William T.
Childs, William 2d	Davis, Ansel T.	Davis, Zenas H.
Clark, Charles A.	Davis, Charles E.	Delano, Jabez
Clark, George C.	Davis, Charles F.	Dexter, Henry M.
Clark, James C.	Davis, Charles W.	Dillingham, Wm. B.

Dimmick, Charles M.	Fish, Arza	Ford, William
Dimmick, Francis H.	Fish, Bethuel L.	Fuller, Benjamin A.
Dimmick, Joseph	Fish, Charles W.	Fuller, Gilbert
Disney, John W.	Fish, Cornelius B.	Fuller, Henry
Donaldson, John F.	Fish, Eugene W.	Fuller, Joseph P.
Donaldson, William F.	Fish, Eleazer H.	Gains, James
Doneley, Hugh	Fish, Elnathan B.	Gardner, Joseph W.
Doneley, Michael	Fish, Elijah H.	Geggatt, Ezra F.
Douglass, Andrew W.	Fish, Elial T.	Gifford, Arnold
Durgin, William F.	Fish, Geo Washburn	Gifford, Barzillai L.
Edmonds, John	Fish, George W.	Gifford, Benjamin R.
Edmonds, William L.	Fish, Henry H.	Gifford, Braddock L.
Edwards, Benjamin J.	Fish, Henry L.	Gifford, Charles H.
Edwards, Madison	Fish, John B.	Gifford, Clarence M.
Edwards, Vinal N.	Fish, Joseph C.	Gifford, David F.
Edwards, Watson	Fish, Joseph C. Jr.	Gifford, Francis A.
Eldred, Charles H.	Fish, Joseph F.	Gifford, Frederick R.
Eldred, Lorenzo	Fish, Levi L.	Gifford, Gideon C.
Eldred, Samuel	Fish, Moses R.	Gifford, Henry F.
Eldred, Ward	Fish, Solomon L.	Gifford, Henry H.
Eldridge, William W.	Fish, Thomas	Gifford, James E.
Ellis, Leonard	Fish, Thomas 2d.	Gifford, John L.
Ellis, Nathan S.	Fisher, David W.	Gifford, Robert P.
Ellis, Thomas 2d.	Fisher, Edward B.	Gifford, Robinson
Emmons, Nathaniel H.	Fisher, Gilbert R.	Gifford, Rufus F.
Fay, Henry H.	Fisher, Henry G. W.	Gifford, Seth A. 2d.
Fay, Joseph S.	Fisher, Jabez D.	Gifford, Thomas D.
Fay, Joseph S. Jr.	Fisher, James H.	Gifford, William H. H.
Fish, Aaron C.	Flanagan, Michael	Gifford, Willis C.

Glynn, John	Hatch, Benjamin H.	Holton, Seba A.
Glynn, Peter	Hatch, Charles E.	Howes, Jotham
Goffin, Robert G.	Hatch, Ebenezer A.	Howes, Levi A.
Goodwin, Charles H.	Hatch, Emerson D.	Howland, William H.
Gould, Edward A.	Hatch, Francis M.	Hoxie, James D.
Grant, Lewis	Hatch, Heman N.	Hoxie, James D. Jr.
Greaves, Thomas W.	Hatch, Ira W.	Hubbard, William M.
Green, Allen	Hatch, James J.	Huckins, James B.
Green, Sylvanus A.	Hatch, James T.	Hunt, Charles L.
Grew, Henry M.	Hatch, Shubael N.	Jenkins, Benjamin F.
Grew, Robert	Hatch, Silas	Jenkins, Henry W.
Hamblin, Andrew J.	Hatch, Southward P.	Jenkins, Joseph
Hamblin, Caleb E.	Hatch, Timothy	Jenkins, Simeon F.
Hamblin, Caleb O.	Hatch, Vinal N.	Jenkins, Wilson R.
Hamblin, Hiram	Hatch, Wallace	Jones, Albert
Hamblin, Jonathan	Hatch, Willard	Jones, George W.
Hamblin, Solomon L.	Herendeen, Lewis N.	Jones, Henry
Hamblin, Stephen	Hewins, Charles S.	Jones, Hezekiah
Hamblin, Timothy P.	Hewins, Llewellyn R.	Jones, Horace E.
Hamblin, Warren B.	Hewins, William	Jones, James H.
Hamblin, William L.	Hewins, William H.	Jones, Jonathan
Handy, Andrew J.	Hibbard, James T.	Jones, Josiah C.
Handy, Ebenezer B.	Hill, Reuben T.	Jones, Rowland R.
Handy, Ozias	Hinckley, James D.	Jones, Silas
Handy, Reuben T.	Hinckley, Russell	Jones, William F.
Hallahan, Jeremiah	Hinckley, Thomas	Jones, Zenas C.
Hallett, Freeman	Hitch, Obed F.	Judson, Henry H.
Harlow, Reuben H.	Holmes, Bartlett	Kelley, Henry
Hatch, Benjamin	Holmes, James C.	Kelley, Owen

King, B. Baalis	Lawrence, William E.	Miller, Joseph
Knight, Nathan J.	Lawrence, William G.	Moore, Frank T.
Landers, Alden B.	Leahy, James	Morse, Asa T.
Landers, Ansel R.	Lewis, Henry C.	Newcomb, Charles S.
Landers, Franklin	Lewis, William T.	Nickerson, Judah S.
Landers, Galon G.	Little, Richard	Norton, Lyman K.
Landers, Lewis A.	Look, Alfred H.	Norton, Shubael M.
Landers, Reuben	Lothrop, Simeon H.	Noyes, George E.
Landers, Sumner	Lumbert, Frank L.	Nye, Albert
Landers, Thomas B.	Lumbert, Henry W.	Nye, Alden
Larkin, Edgar A.	Lumbert, Hiram B.	Nye, Alvin
Lawrence, Augustus	Lumbert, James M.	Nye, Alvin E.
Lawrence, Edwin F.	Lumbert, John	Nye, Arthur G.
Lawrence, Ephraim	Lumbert, John H.	Nye, Charles J.
Lawrence, Francis D.	Luscombe, Walter O.	Nye, Daniel B.
Lawrence, George A.	Maley, John H.	Nye, David B.
Lawrence, George S.	Maley, Michael J.	Nye, Ferdinand G.
Lawrence, Harry V.	Maley, Terrence	Nye, Francis A.
Lawrence, Henry	Maley, Terrence F.	Nye, Frederick F.
Lawrence, Herbert H.	Mayhew, James M.	Nye, Herbert F.
Lawrence, Hiram N.	Mayhew, Sumner L.	Nye, Hiram
Lawrence, John R.	McDermott, Charles	Nye, John C.
Lawrence, Joseph	McLane, Albert C.	Nye, Russell S.
Lawrence, Lewis H.	McLane, Benjamin	Nye, Samuel
Lawrence, Lyman M.	McLane, Benjamin L.	Nye, Thomas G.
Lawrence, Oliver M.	McLane, Henry S.	Nye, Thomas R.
Lawrence, Peleg	McLane, Nathan A.	Nye, William
Lawrence, Solomon H.	McTeer, John	Pease, Walter S.
Lawrence, Thomas H.	Merithew, George	Pease, William B.

Perkins, Robert I.	Robinson, Henry	Stevens, John R.
Phillips, Albert	Robinson, Herbert F.	Stuart, Mayhew C.
Phinney, Abishai	Robinson, John	Stuart, Prince
Phinney, Ebenezer N.	Robinson, John H.	Studley, Edward L. F.
Phinney, Edward B.	Robinson, John P.	Studley, George A.
Phinney, Eugene E.	Robinson, Joshua C.	Studley, Silas L.
Phinney, Joseph H.	Robinson, Nathaniel P.	Studley, Watson C.
Phinney, Nynphus C.	Robinson, Solomon D.	Studley, William H.
Phinney, Reuben E.	Robinson, Samuel F.	Sturgis, Almon P.
Phinney, Roland C.	Robinson, William H.	Sweet, William H.
Phinney, Thomas	Robinson, Zepheniah	Swift, Abiel
Phinney, Thomas J.	Rogers, John	Swift, Alonzo O.
Phinney, Tristram P. S.	Ryder, Edward N.	Swift, Browning
Pierce, Obed	Sanford, David L.	Swift, Edward E.
Purdum, James K. P.	Sargent, Ignatius	Swift, Eugene E. C.
Quinn, Henry E.	Sherman, John T.	Swift, Ezekiel E.
Richards, George H.	Shiverick, Asa	Swift, Frank J. C.
Richardson, N. H. S.	Shiverick, A. Frank	Swift, George W.
Richardson, Phineas	Shiverick, Foster S.	Swift, John P.
Richardson, Uriah	Shiverick, Samuel F.	Swift, Lewis C.
Ripka, Andrew A.	Smalley, Henry A.	Swift, Nathaniel
Robbins, Nehemiah B.	Smalley, Henry T.	Swift, Prince D.
Roberts, Proctor A.	Smalley, Hiram E.	Swift, Reuben E.
Robinson, Andrew Y.	Smalley, James	Swift, Silas F.
Robinson, Charles M.	Smalley, Nehemiah A.	Swift, Weston J.
Robinson, Charles R.	Smalley, Washington	Swift, William C.
Robinson, Edwin F.	Smith, David A.	Swift, Wilson
Robinson, Elisha F.	Smith, Oliver P.	Thayer, Charles N.
Robinson, Elijah	Spindel, Isaiah	Thompson, Edward H.

Thompson, Josiah A.	Ward, Ezekiel G.	Wilbur, Oliver K.
Tilton, Alonzo	Warren, Edson P.	Winch, Charles G.
Tobey, Asa P.	Watson, James M.	Wing, Daniel S.
Tobey, John A.	Weeks, Arza F.	Wing, Joseph
Tobey, Josiah	Weeks, Joseph S.	Williams, Frederick
Turner, Charles H.	Weeks, S. O.	Williams, William A.
Turner, George H.	Weld, Franklin	Winslow, Joseph D.
Turner, Nathaniel D.	West, John M.	Wood, James B.
Underwood, Arthur	Wicks, Daniel R.	Wright, John G.
Wainright, Peter	Wicks, John O.	Wright, Robert L.
Walker, Alexander T.	Wicks, Rodolphus D.	Young, George B.
Walsh, Michael	Wilbur, Emery S.	

ERRATA.

On 9th page, 1st line, read 200th, instead of 250th.

On 79th page, omit first four lines, they being a repetition of the last four lines on preceding page.

On 109th page, 7th and 12th lines, the punctuation marks [:—] should have been placed after the word “collected”.

